THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS AUG. 1962, 50c

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# READERS' pros and cons

### THE VALENTINE-ELLIS MATTER

Sirs:

Although WRESTLING REVUE is unquestionably the finest magazine in the world, I do have one complaint. In your last official wrestling ratings you don't even list the sensational team of Johnny Valentine and Bob Ellis, despite the fact that they recently won the world Tag Team Championship from the Fabulous Kangaroos. Furthermore, Valentine and Ellis have also defeated the teams of Buddy Rogers and Bob Orton, Skull Murphy and Brute Bernard, The Sicilians, and the Kangaroos a second time. I think that any team with a record like that deserves to be rated.

RALPH ROSATO
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

One night last February, in Washington, D. C., The Fabulous Kangaroos, World Tag Team Champions, were scheduled to defend their title against Johnny Valentine and Antonino Rocca. For some reason, Rocca was unable to appear and Cowboy Bob Ellis was rushed in to substitute. Thus Ellis and Valentine wrestled the Kangaroos with the championship at stake. After a savage match, Ellis and Valentine were declared the winners, taking two out of three falls. Yet your latest Official Ratings (April/62) has the Kangaroos in first place, while the Ellis-Valentine team isn't even rated. I must confess, I am very much confused and upset.

WILLIAM BABIEZ, JR.
Jamaica, N. Y.

Sirs:

What the devil is going on? In your center color spread you don't have a picture of the new tag team champions, Bob Ellis and Johnny Valentine. I know Bearcat Wright is a great wrestler (color pin-up, April/62), and that he rates the center spread in WRESTLING REVUE. But how about a pin-up of "Our Champs?"

Another thing, your ratings still show the Kangaroos in first place, with not a mention of Ellis and Valentine. But I think I know why. You must print WRESTLING REVUE well in advance of the newsstand release date. Am I right?

MICHAEL KENNY, JR.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

● You're absolutely right, Mr. Kenny. The April issue of WRESTLING REVUE, which contained the ratings that caused all the confusion, was prepared weeks before Valentine and Ellis took the title from the Kangaroos. In fact, when we went to press with that April issue, the formation of an Ellis-Valentine tag team hadn't even been thought of. — ED.

### KLEEN GUY

Sirs:

How about some stories on our wrestlers out here in the Canadian west? I suggest you start with the sensational Mr. Kleen, a mountain of a man who holds victories over Killer Kowalski and Gene Kiniski. Mr. Kleen shares the Pacific Coast tag team title with Whipper Watson, and what a spectacular team they make.

BILL EDWARDS
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

### GOOD BAD GUY

Sirs:

Nuts to all those people who knock champion Buddy Rogers because he used his knee now and then, or gouges an eye here and there. Why if they were all scientific wrestlers who worked strictly according to the book we wouldn't have wrestling around very long. I think Buddy deserves to have his picture in WRESTLING REVUE's fabulous color pin-up series, and I'm sure millions of other fans agree with me.

E. JONES
Buffalo, N. Y.

### THE LARRY CHENE MATTER

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE has the reputation for being fair — so please live up to your reputation. I don't understand why Larry Chene is not included in your Top Ten ratings. Even champion Buddy Rogers couldn't beat him fairly and squarely. The only way Rogers could beat Larry was by default (in Detroit last February), which was pretty cowardly. So give credit where credit is due. Rate Larry Chene!

LOUIS SPIVAK
Lansing, Mich.

### FOULEST TACTICS!

Sirs:

Pat O'Connor has waited long enough for a return match with Buddy Rogers. Pat has met and defeated some of the best wrestlers in the world since he lost his title to Rogers last June in Chicago. I'm for giving O'Connor his chance immediately!

MIKE LOFTUS
Kansas City, Mo.

### FAN FOR BRUNO

Sirs:

In your April issue you published a rather small article on the great Bruno Sammartino. I think, and so do all my friends, that a wrestler as good as Bruno rates WRESTLING REVUE's full-sized treatment. How about it?

I'd like to add that WRESTLING REVUE is the best magazine I have ever read. Its well worth five times its price. I only wish we had a new issue every month — or every week.

FRED GALLO
Latrobe, Penna.

● Sammartino will be given WR's "full-sized" treatment in the very near future. — ED.

### BEAT STEVENS!

Sirs:

We Californians dislike Ray Stevens. We are sick and tired of hearing him insult us. That's why we'd love to have Buddy Rogers come out here and beat loudmouth Stevens. Come on, Buddy, give us a break.

BOB FARRELL
Millbrae, Calif.

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VOL. 3, NO. 5 AUGUST/1962

THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

# Wrestling REVUE

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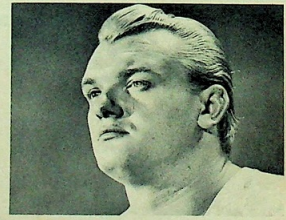

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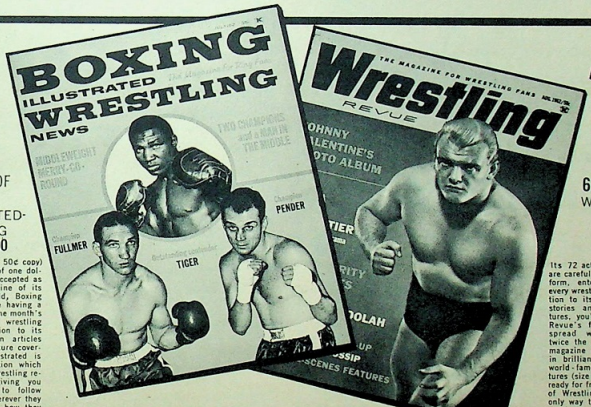


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# READERS' pros and cons

(*continued from page 3*)

### WE'RE WRONG?

Sirs:

I think WRESTLING REVUE is all wrong not rating Mr. "M" in the Top Ten. He has already beaten three of the men you rate; Pat O'Connor, Wilbur Snyder and the great Verne Gagne. He also holds victories over Yukon Eric, Bobo Brazil, Tiny Mills and Roy McClarity. Mr. "M" stands 6' 6", weighs 300 pounds and is strong as a bull. Here in Wisconsin we consider him champion of the world and we'd like to see your Buddy Rogers come out here and try to beat him!

ALAN TRONRUD
Clear Lake, Wisc.

### MISSING ALBUM

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE is without a doubt the best magazine in the world, but in your last issue something was missing — the Autograph Album. Let's have it back immediately!

CHARLES KUBENSTEIN
Stamford, Conn.

### KIDDING?

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE must be kidding. How can you possibly rate Ray Stevens third and the great Ed Carpentier tenth? And on top of that, you completely ignore the magnificent Cowboy Bob Ellis. Why only last week Ellis defeated Pat O'Connor in Detroit. Since you rate O'Connor fifth, this would logically entitle Ellis to a rating of at least fifth. I dread to think what Cowboy Bob and Carpentier would do to Stevens. It would be sheer murder! Here is the way I think the ratings should be:

1. Buddy Rogers
2. Ed Carpentier
3. Verne Gagne
4. Antonino Rocca
5. Bob Ellis
6. Pat O'Connor
7. Whipper Watson
8. Johnny Valentine
9. Wilbur Snyder
10. Fred Blassie

Although I think your ratings can stand considerable improvement, don't get me wrong. WRESTLING REVUE is the greatest magazine in the world. It should come out every month. Keep up the good work, but please, revise those ratings!

CARL GESSRER
North Plainfield, N. J.

### WHEN AND WHERE

Sirs:

I have a suggestion which, in my opinion, would improve your fabulous magazine, if such a thing is possible. On the last page of each issue, publish a listing of the cities where wrestling matches are held, giving the night of the week and the promoter. This would give wrestling fans a chance to plan their vacations to enable them to see mat shows in various parts of the country. It might also encourage people to make a trip now and then just to see the matches.

Here is an example of what I have in mind:

| City | Night | Arena | Promoter |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago, Ill. | Fri. | Marigold Gardens | Fred Kohler |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Fri. | Kiel Auditorium | Sam Muchnick |
| Amarillo, Tex. | Thur. | Sports Auditorium | Doc Sarpolis |
| Indianapolis, Ind. | Thur. | Coliseum | Balk Estes |
| Washington, D.C. | Thur. | Capitol Arena | Vince McMahon |

Let your readers decide if my idea is sound.

PATRICK R. O'HARA
Walker Air Force Base,
N. M.

## NO FRITZ

Sirs:

I was shocked to see the great Fritz Von Erich not even listed in your ratings. Here is a man who very seldom loses a match, has beaten many of those you rate in the Top Ten, and who is willing to take on the champion at any time. Let's give credit where it's due.

LORNA PERKINS
Jerusalem, Ohio

## CORRECTION

Sirs:

I would like to correct the letters sent to WR by Mr. Luis Creighton of San Francisco in which he stated that Cowboy Bob Ellis won the U.S. championship from Ray Stevens. This is not true. Let me explain why. Although Ellis was awarded the match because he won the only fall in this one hour time limit bout, he did not win the title. This is because the rules clearly state that in order for a title to pass from the champion to the challenger, the challenger must win two falls.

Continued success to your marvelous magazine. Its the greatest.

BOB CASTAGNOLA
Santa Cruz, Calif.

## DESERVES IT

Sirs:

I was glad to see that Ray Stevens finally made WR's official ratings. Considering the fact that he has defeated such outstanding stars as Bill Melby, Mitsu Arakawa, Bobo Brazil, Joe Brunetti, George Drake, Red Bastien, Bob Ellis and even your great Rocca, all I can say is that the guy really deserves it.

JON HANSARD
Sacramento, Calif.

## HOW ABOUT IT?

Sirs:

Buddy Rogers and Bob Orton have defeated such top tag teams as Sailor Thomas and Sweet Daddy Siki; Johnny Valentine and Vittorio Apollo; Billy Darnell and Billy Zbyszko; Bearcat Wright and Johnny Valentine; Rocca and Apollo. How about rating them?

HOWARD NELSON
Hillsdale, N. J.

## VOTE FOR ROUGEAU

Sirs:

I think Johnny Rougeau should be rated in WR's official ratings. Here in Montreal we recognize him as world champion because he has beaten such great stars as Hans Schmidt, Ed Carpentier, The Great Togo and many others. Let's be fair about it. Rate Johnny!

BERT ECCLES
Montreal, Canada

## UNFAIR!

Sirs:

Although I consider WR without question the finest magazine in the world, I think its Editors have been grossly unfair in their treatment of the team of Johnny Gilbert and Billy Goelz. In the last three years I have seen only one article about them, and that in WR's sister magazine, BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS. If you can rate a team like Mitsu Arakawa and Kinji Shibuya No. 8, Goelz and Gilbert certainly belong at least fifth, or higher.

ELDRIGE GRANT
Harvey, Ill.

## ORCHIDS FROM DOWN UNDER

Sirs:

Thanks for the much needed and greatly appreciated shot-in-the-arm your marvelous magazine has given Australian wrestling fans. We now have the opportunity of receiving complete world-wide coverage of our favorite sport.

How about devoting more space to girl wrestlers. We have never seen them in this country and the only way we can follow them is through the pages of WR.

J. McINTOSH
Sydney, Australia

## WHERE'S LOTARIO?

Sirs:

I have been a devoted reader of your great magazine since the first issue, but I have one complaint: I have yet to find a single mention of our brilliant star, El Gran Lotario. How can you possibly ignore such a popular young man? Here in the Southwest he is considered just about unbeatable. Until recently, he held the Western States Championship. Lotario certainly deserves WRESTLING REVUE's recognition.

JOYCE MICHELS
Phoenix, Ariz.

## DOWN WITH POFFO!

Sirs:

You called Angelo Poffo "Wrestler of the Month" (Feb/62). I disagree with WR one thousand percent. Permit me to tell you just how great Poffo is:

In the first place, what success he enjoys is due not to his own ability, but rather to the cunning of his manager, Bronko Lubich. I have seen match after match where Lubich's heavy cane was the real reason for Poffo's victories. Secondly, you know as well as I that despite all his strength, Poffo couldn't possibly cope with such men as Buddy Rogers, Bob Ellis or Vittorio Apollo.

Why not face up to it? There are at least a hundred wrestlers more capable than Poffo. As for those hundred thousand fans you say he has, all I can say is that they certainly must be desperate for an idol.

HUGO KOCH
New York, N. Y.

## THE MIDGETS

Sirs:

Thank you for that delightful and very interesting story about midget wrestlers (Apr/62). In a way, it made me a little ashamed of myself. I always enjoyed seeing midgets in the ring, and I considered it their job to entertain fans such as myself. Not until I read your superb article did I realize the hardships these little people endure. It made me like and admire them in a much more tender way.

NELLIE GABBARD
Richmond, Ind.

Sirs:

I just had to write and let you know how very much I enjoyed your superb article, "Life Among the Midget Wrestlers." It was beautifully written and I am sure it made the general public realize how tragic a "Little" person's life can be in a world of big people.

I truly cannot express enough thanks for this story. It meant a great deal to me because, you see, I too am a midget.

LEE GLENN
Hempstead, N. Y.

## BREAK FOR SUBSCRIBERS

Sirs:

At last a break for subscribers! Congratulations to WR for mailing subscriber copies in that new plastic wrapper — and completely flat, too. It couldn't have worked out better. The day my April issue arrived it was pouring rain; so I expected a soggy mess of mail. But WRESTLING REVUE came in store-fresh. Thanks a million.

CHARLES OXFORD
Staten Island, N. Y.

(continued on page 8)

# YOU...

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# READERS' pros and cons

(*continued from page* 7)

### NEWSSTAND FRESH

Sirs:

I was delighted to receive my last (subscription) copy of WR unfolded and in the new plastic cover. What an improvement. Some of the past issues I received looked like they had been in wrestling matches — and lost! At long last a magazine that arrives newsstand-fresh in my mailbox.

SHIRLEY RUEL
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

### UP CRUSHER!

Sirs:

The only complaint I have against your great magazine is your unjust rating of Crusher Lisowski. You rate him number seven in the Official World Ratings, yet he twice wrestled to a draw with champion Buddy Rogers. And another thing, you also rate Crusher below Antonino Rocca, who he demolished.

MARTIN OLSHINSKY
Oakdale, Pa.

### A VOTE FOR JONATHAN

Sirs:

I enjoyed the April issue of WR very much, particularly the picture story of the Don Leo Jonathan-Pat O'Connor bout. Jonathan is truly a great wrestler. I cannot understand why this great star is not listed in your universally recognized Official Ratings. Please correct this error. Also, how about a color pin-up of Don Leo. He certainly deserves it.

PHYLLIS L. ZUVER
Pioneer, Ohio

### KEPT INFORMED BY WR

Sirs:

Although I have been a wrestling fan for years, I can't possibly travel around the country to see all the matches I'd like to. That's where your wonderful WRESTLING REVUE comes in. It gives me an opportunity to keep abreast of all the wrestling news.

Until recently I was of the opinion that the great Mildred Burke had retired as undefeated women's champion of the world. Now I understand that Burke was dethroned by June Byers in 1953. Is that true? I am sure that all wrestling fans would be interested in pictures and an account of that match, if it ever took place.

Women wrestling in the state of Pennsylvania is not allowed, except in private clubs. In fact, I myself compete in such club matches now and then.

By the way, if I were a bit younger, I would challenge Billy Wolfe's new protege Karen Kellogg (Apr/62). That was a challenge, wasn't it?

MRS. "GERRY" KEINSTLER
Carnegie, Penna.

● Mildred Burke was defeated by June Byers on July 8, 1953, in Columbus, Ohio. There are no pictures of that match in existence. Burke won the first fall with a reverse headlock. Byers won the second with a pile-driver and the third and deciding fall with a series of flying tackles. That was indeed a challenge by Karen Kellogg. — ED.

### COME TO AMERICA

Sirs:

In Readers Pros & Cons (Feb/62) Australian reader Paul Savelieff tells about a super wrestler named Big Jim Armstrong who openly challenges any man in the world to a finish match, winner take all. I suggest that Big Jim come to California, where we have the world's best wrestlers, to try his luck. I'd wager that our boys would make Australian Pudding out of Mr. Armstrong. By "our boys" I mean Ray Stevens, Bob Ellis, Pepper Gomez, Fred Blassie and Wilbur Snyder.

DON COLEY
Ceres, Calif.

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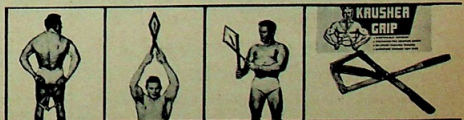


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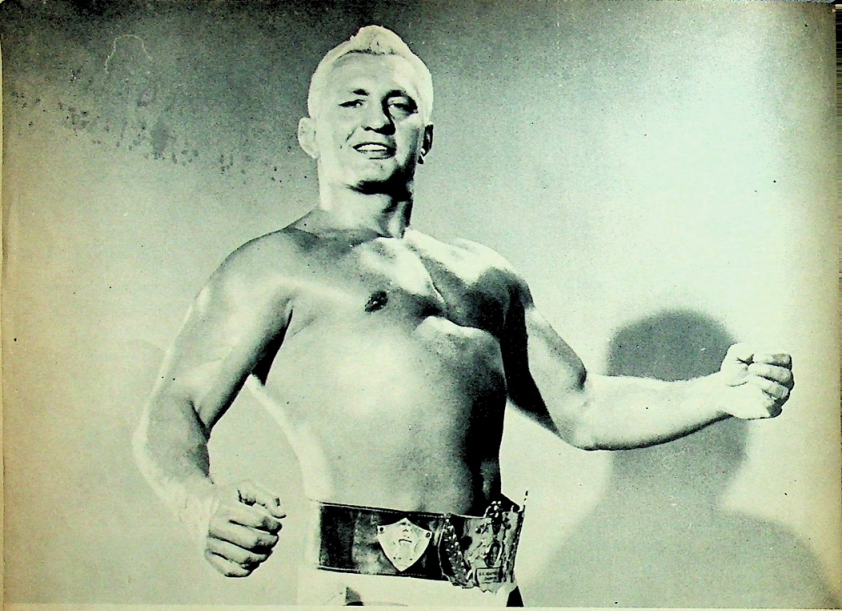


# BUDDY ROGERS WINS

WE SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED IT, probably — but even the editors of WRESTLING REVUE were astounded by the overwhelming response to our poll (April, 1962) to determine wrestling's most hated villain!

WE SAID then that it's wrestling's tough guys who are the backbone of the sport; that, without these colorful, rampaging, riotous rapscallions, wrestling would be taken over by the amateurs. Or words to that effect.

OUR VILLAIN'S POLL proved this beyond all doubt. To determine just how great is the importance of the villains, we need only show you the total number of ballots that rolled in soon after the April issue hit the newsstands. If you remember, our Most Popular Wrestler Poll — which Wilbur Snyder won — resulted in a grand total of more than 27,000 ballots.

HERE ARE THE RESULTS.

| Place | Wrestler | % of Total Votes |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | BUDDY ROGERS | .128 |
| 2 | KILLER KOWALSKI | .121 |
| 3 | CRUSHER LISOWSKI | .118 |
| 4 | FRITZ VON ERICH | .111 |
| 5 | BULLDOG BROWER | .099 |
| 6 | BRUISER | .090 |
| 7 | RAY STEVENS | .089 |
| 8 | ANGELO POFFO | .084 |
| 9 | GENE KINISKI | .082 |
| 10 | FRED BLASSIE | .078 |

# UN-POPULARITY POLL

HOW MANY ENTRIES WERE CHALKED UP BY THE VILLAINS? 38,431. That's thirty-eight thousand, four hundred thirty-one.

In other words, the tough guys have, statistically, a thirty percent greater impact on the fans than the heroes. Thirty percent more importance.

THE FINAL TALLY furnished other surprises, some of them not anticipated. For example, hundreds of votes came in from other countries, some as far away as Tasmania and — believe it or not — from our lone subscriber on Pitcairn Island in mid-Pacific, one of the most remote areas of the world. He admitted that he hadn't seen a wrestling match in over two years; his ballot was cast on the basis of reading each issue of WRESTLING REVUE from cover to cover. Nevertheless, his vote (for Buddy Rogers) was valid.

*(continued on next page)*

THANKS to our slight alteration of the rules in this poll, a large write-in vote was counted. This proved so important — another sign of fan interest — that one of our own ten choices was forced out of the ratings, to be replaced by California's Fred Blassie, the former "world champion" of that progressive state.

FROM THE BEGINNING, there was never any doubt as to whom the Number One Villain would be. The only question was in how the other nine would stack up. Big surprises on the plus side were the two dark horses, Bulldog Brower and Fritz Von Erich — they placed among the first five. It was thought that Gene Kiniski and Skull Murphy would rank higher than they eventually did — with Murphy falling below Fred Blassie to 11th.

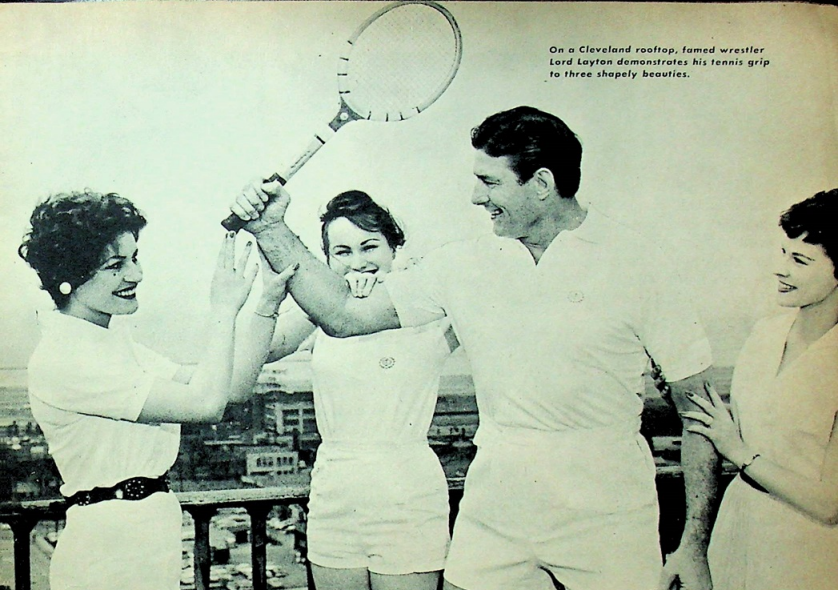
A NUMBER of other fine wrestlers proved how royally they're hated by dragging down enough write-ins to edge close to the Top Ten. Both Karl Von Hess, the snarling Nazi, and the much-travelled Zebra Kid would have forced other Big Tenners out had they amassed only another hundred or so votes. In fact, it is our opinion that the write-in votes prove most conclusively the true interest of the fans. Any write-in candidate who achieved more than 1000 votes thus proves himself to be one of America's Most Un-Popular Villains. These included Ricki Cortez, Tony Borne, and Hans Schmidt.

THE VOTING WAS DRAMATIC. After the first five hundred votes, it was fairly certain that Buddy Rogers would win. And we knew both Killer Kowalski and Crusher Lisowski would place very high. This is because the votes for these three came from widely scattered parts of the country. The real race was for the last five places. As you can see from our final compilation, it was close.

WE HAVE rated them, as we did the heroes, according to "batting averages". And again you must remember that in many cases, only a dozen or so votes determined the position.

SKULL MURPHY, who was one of our ten candidates, was nosed out of the tenth spot by Blassie, who edged him by just one point.

AND THERE IT IS, the result of the Un-Popularity Poll. This was a true gauge of America's sentiments toward wrestlers and wrestling in general and taught us many things — or rather assured us of things we suspected; notably, of the importance of the villains' role in modern wrestling. Also, the importance of letting the people do their own choosing, as shown by the write-in votes. We are happy that the volume of pre-poll mail, which determined our list of candidates, foretold almost exactly the final results. This proves that fan mail is an accurate yardstick whereby to determine the popularity, or unpopularity, of our wrestlers. •



*On a Cleveland rooftop, famed wrestler Lord Layton demonstrates his tennis grip to three shapely beauties.*

# *Say! Isn't that Lord Layton?*

LORD LOVE A DUCK, LOOK WHO'S GONE A'COURTIN'. None other than dark-haired, handsome wrestler Lord Layton. But before you take a gander at the bevy of beauties muscling into the act at the expense of his Lordship's bursting biceps and say that this is a racket compared to wrestling, bear in mind that the famous mat idol is also an excellent tennis player. In fact, pro instructor Jack March rates Layton's great agility and powerful overhead smash on a par with the pros. Layton has pitted his hard-driving game against such international tennis stars and champions as Bobby Riggs, Pauline Betz, Tony Trabert and Pancho Gonzales.

The net result of all this is that the lord is an annual participant in the "Celebrity Tennis Exhibition" held in Cleveland. With a tremendous following among wrestling fans in Cleveland, his tennis exhibitions are always mobbed by wild-eyed well-wishers.

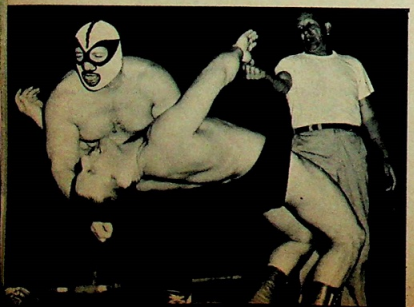
"Tennis is no sissy's game," says Layton. "These pros play hard and fast and skillfully. I'd rather wrestle Skull Murphy than get in a grudge match with a top tennis pro. Him I know I can beat!"

*The Bat arrives at Texas arena in his "Batmobile." He changes into his strange ringtogs, and, finally, he's ready to settle-down to business.*

***The reporter we sent to learn this strange man's identity didn't have the answer when he returned, but he did have a severe case of chills!***

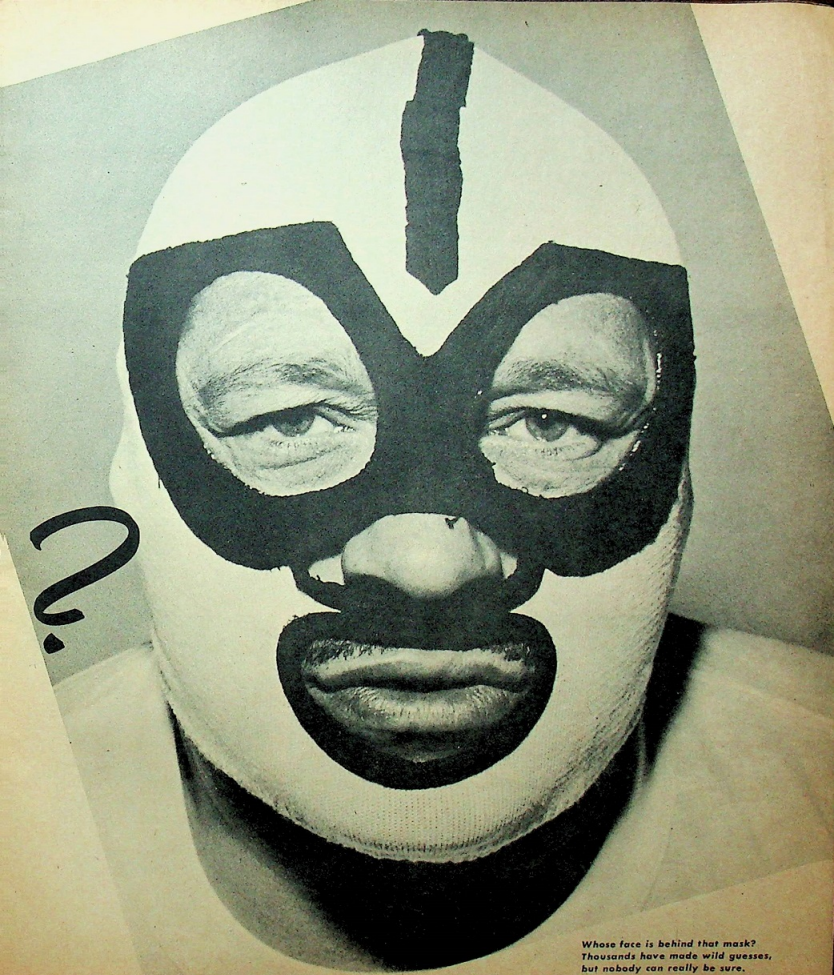
# Who is the Bat

*With a mighty heave, the enormously powerful Bat sends the popular Jerry Kozak crashing down to the mat. Notice the size of the Bat's legs, arms and shoulders.*



**THE BAT COMES OUT** only at darkness. Mysteriously, hooded and cloaked, he steals his way, on the wings of night, into an arena. There is a hushed expectancy as he flutters down the aisle. Women gasp and shreik and men grow wild with anger, attempting to get at him with chairs, knives and bottles.

Unperturbed The Bat, seems to float into the ring, massive and evil-looking, an ominous smell of disaster lurking by. He is about to begin his blood-thirsty work. The opponent, unsure at first, comes forward to lock in what appears to be a death-struggle with The Bat. There is pandemonium in the arena as special police hold back irate fans.



*Whose face is behind that mask? Thousands have made wild guesses, but nobody can really be sure.*

Who is The Bat?

No one knows for sure. Some wrestlers have attempted to tear the mask from his face but have been thwarted with weird sounds, ripping claws and fang-like bites.

When he is not working on the wrestling circuit we know this demon of the mat makes his home in a place called Bat Cave, a suburb of the Carlsbad Cavern area in New Mexico. He drives to work in what he calls my "Batmobile."

When we telephoned for an interview his servant told us, "The Bat is sleeping." He always sleeps during daylight hours, a deep, fatiguing sleep from which he cannot be awakened. Would we come at night? Yes, we boldly answered.

As we drove up to Bat Cave a cold chill went down our spine. The moon was high, casting ominous-looking shadows everywhere. We parked our car and made our way to the cave. There was a musty odor and something dark and gliding brushed against our hair. We broke out in a cold sweat.

The Bat received us in a darkened room, with only one candle burning, its flame fluttering in the cold breeze.

"There is nothing alarming or mysterious about me," he said. "I have been a professional wrestler for 15 years. One of the best.

"As a kid I was a part time jockey in Montreal, where I rode jumpers in the steeplechase races. To build myself up physically, I worked for the Hampton Coal Company in Montreal. I used to win a lot of bets carrying big bags of coal up four and five flights of stairs.

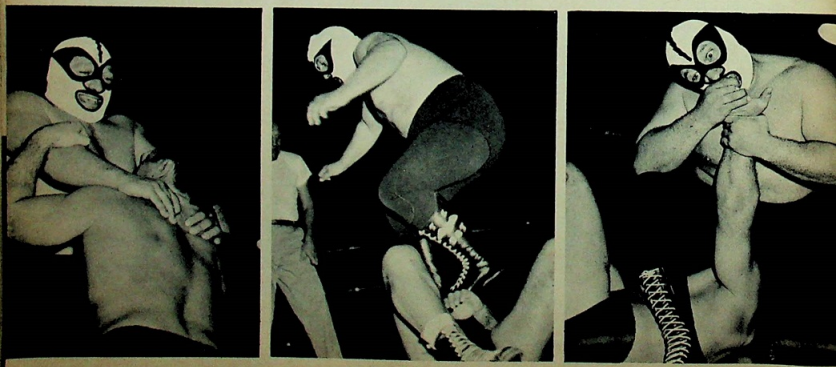
"When I was about 18," The Bat continued, "I got interested in boxing and I trained with Johnny Greco, who was the British Empire champion. As a fighter, though, I didn't do too good. Tommy Osborne, the Empire heavyweight champ, knocked the idea out of my head, but quick."

Shortly after, this massive 300-pounder took over management of the Waldorf Hotel in Ontario, Canada. A number of wrestlers stayed at the hotel and he was soon going to the gym and working out with them.

"I decided to have a try at it," said The Bat, "and I've been a wrestler ever since."

"I've had some close calls since I became The Bat. Take that night in Salt Lake City. The fans rioted and a whole police emergency squad had to be called to break it up. I wound up in a hospital with eight stitches in my head. Then there was dear old Boise, Idaho. The crowd got so violent that the promoter had to call out the state militia. They wanted to hang me.

"I never go anyplace without my mask.



*The three pictures above illustrate what the Bat does after the bell rings. They also show why, within a very short time, this masked terror has become the most hated wrestler in the great Southwest.*

*Alert policemen throw a protective circle around the Bat as a furious crowd threatens to kill him, after first ripping off his mask, naturally. He was finally whisked off to his car, still in wrestling togs, and ordered to "Get away as fast as you can."*

*Here's the part of the Bat's life nobody sees. Alone in a hotel room, he likes to paint pictures while listening to classical music on the radio. He hates rock & roll.*

I think that's what infuriates the fans. Strange that they should be so frightened of me. I am really a mild-mannered man. I love kids and I devote a great deal of time to fighting juvenile delinquency."

We asked The Bat why he took on the form of a placental mammal.

He smiled and said, "I have always been interested in night life and night creatures. Let's just say I had a 'calling' for it."

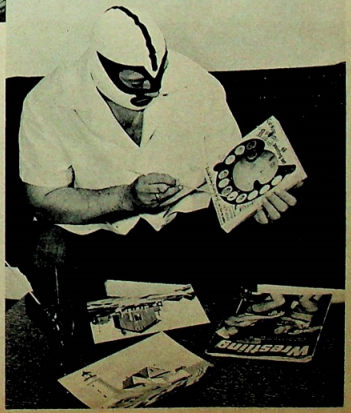
We knew The Bat was performing in a match in a nearby town that night so we offered to drive him over.

"No," he said, "there are certain rituals I must attend to first, but I'll be there before you."

"How is that?" we asked.

"I'm flying," he answered.

The flame of the candle went out and we were left in total darkness. •



# ANTONINO ROCCA VS. EDOUARD CARPENTIER

## CHICAGO, ILLINOIS — OCTOBER 4, 1957

**WHAT MAKES A STORY**, a symphony or a wrestling match great? For one thing, it has to have a beginning, a middle and an end. Otherwise it isn't great, right?

Wrong.

"The Lady or the Tiger?" was never finished, but it's a great story; as great as Shubert's Unfinished Symphony. And so was the wrestling match between Edouard Carpentier and Antonino Rocca that took place at the Chicago Amphitheatre on October 4, 1957. Except for a satisfactory ending, this bout had all of the elements that go to make an exceptional contest between two of the world's finest wrestlers: action, drama, suspense, top-notch wrestling and give-and-take equality.

From the beginning, the crowd of 8,821, who had paid $22,313.40 to watch what had been advertised as a match for Carpentier's world title, knew they were in for an exciting evening. For the two leading aerialists of the mat lost no time in establishing their claims as champion astronaut. Rocca, the Italo-Argentine, took off first with a series of drop kicks that shook the French acrobat. Carpentier, rudely jolted, finally got under way with his own sky-high pyrotechnics. He somersaulted, back-flipped with a graceful defiance of gravity that entranced the crowd.

The first fall went to Rocca, who had apparently dazed Edouard with his spine-snapping dive-bombing from outer space. He accomplished his objective with his own patented "backbreaker". This "hold", while not as lethal or cruel as Hans Schmidt's backbreaker — in which the victim is dropped across Schmidt's outstretched thigh from a shoulder-high position — is one of the devices which we do not approve of. It has been known to snap tendons and displace vertebrae. Still, so long as the commissions rule it legal, Rocca has every right to use it.

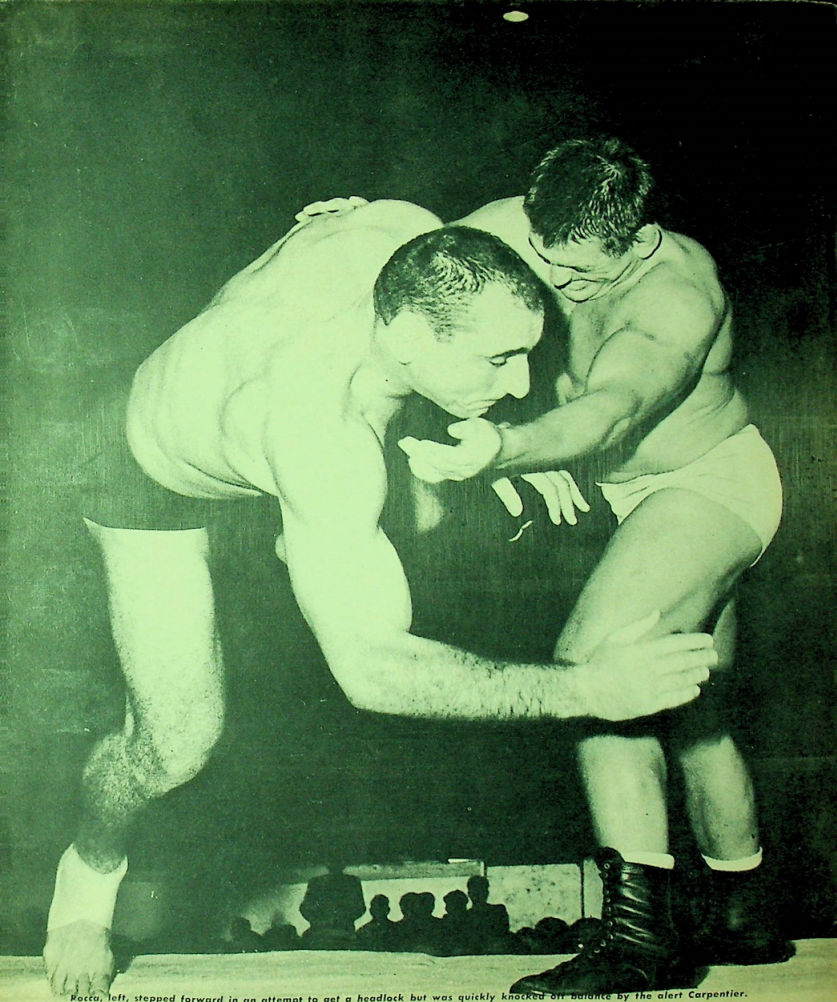
He used it now, and, as usual, it proved unbeatable. The time was 9:48.

One ringsider, wise in the ways of wrestling, but a little premature in judgement, commented: "Rocca has the match won. Ed won't be able to recover from the effects of that backbreaker. He's licked already!"

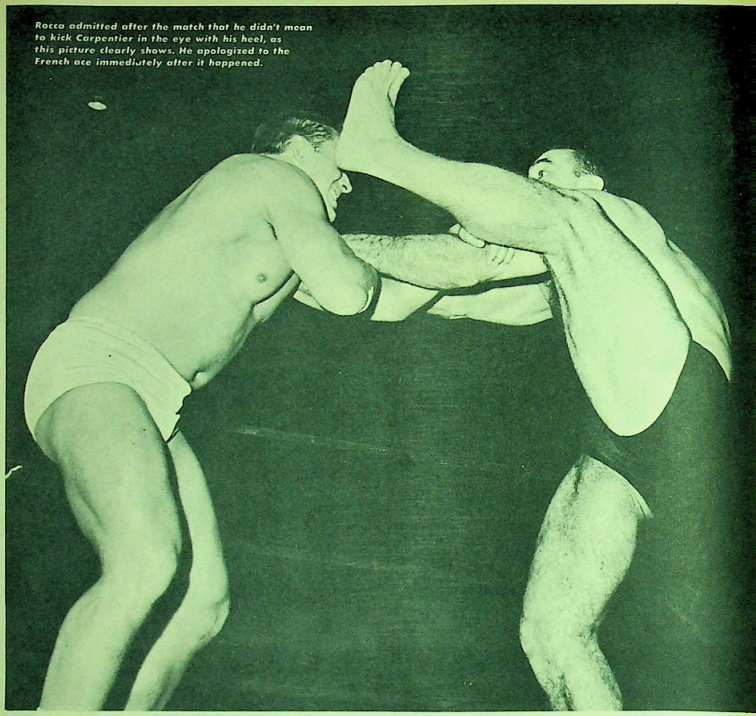
But he wasn't. Far from it. With rare resiliency, Carpentier bounded back into the fray. He bounded about seven feet high, landing all over Rocca like a squadron of dive bombers — obviously, he was out for vengeance. The veteran ringsider just stared at this amazing proof that class will tell. "I don't believe it," he muttered. "The man's not human!"

However, Carpentier proved himself to be all too human a moment later. Rocca picked him up and slammed him down hard. Ed's right leg buckled under him and for a moment he appeared helpless, "There he goes!" hollered the ringsider, as though happy at the truth of his own prophecy. "Rocca's got him!"

(text continued on page 20)



Rocca, left, stepped forward in an attempt to get a headlock but was quickly knocked off balance by the alert Carpentier.

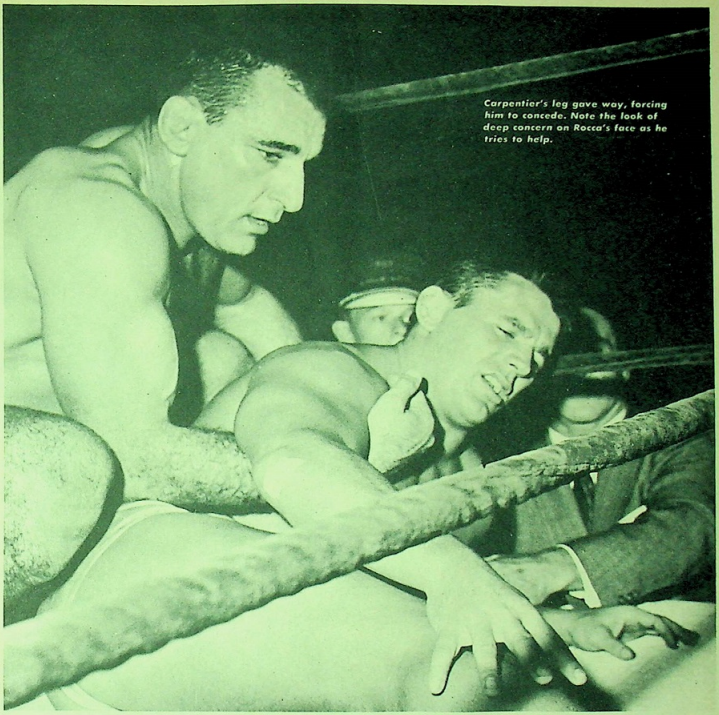


*Rocca admitted after the match that he didn't mean to kick Carpentier in the eye with his heel, as this picture clearly shows. He apologized to the French ace immediately after it happened.*

He was wrong again. Limping noticeably, Carpentier managed to avoid the lightning rushes of his eager opponent, who sensed the kill and meant to bring it off quickly. It's entirely possible that Rocca's over-eagerness at this point was responsible for his own undoing. This was understandable in so important a match.

As the moments passed, Carpentier's injured leg appeared to be getting worse instead of better, and the crowd knew that he was in grave trouble. So did Rocca, as again and again he strove to end it. But it was impossible to get an aroused Carpentier into another backbreaker. With the courage of a true champion, the handsome Frenchman desperately escaped from one hold after another.

Then, grimacing in pain, he went for broke. Seizing Rocca around the waist, he lifted him high. The crowd held its breath — would Ed's ankle hold up under the strain?

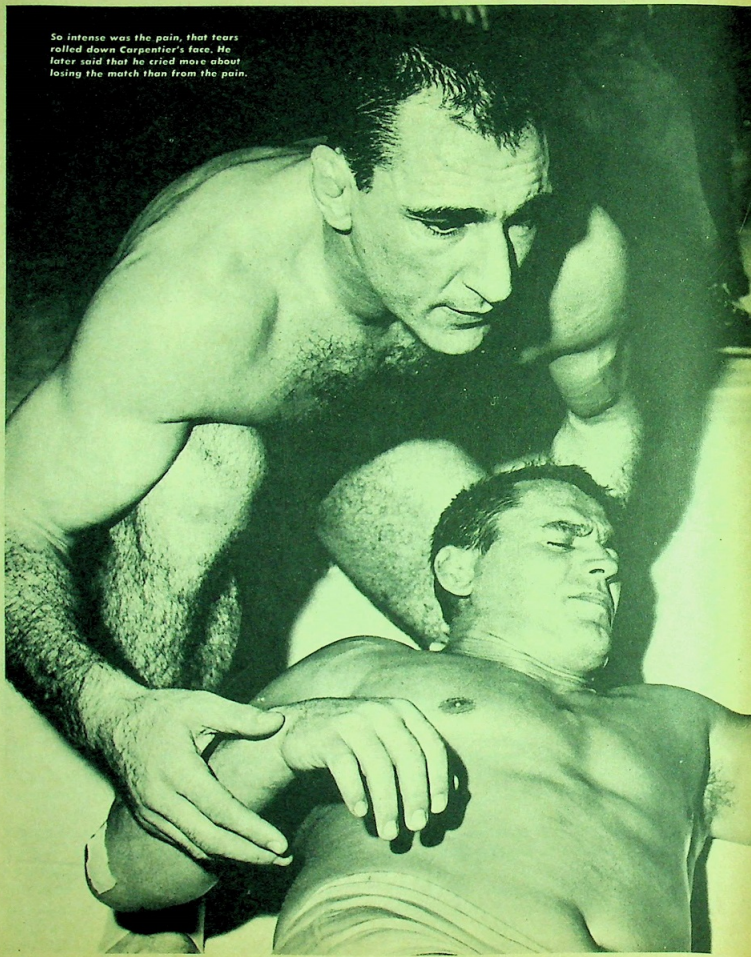


*Carpentier's leg gave way, forcing him to concede. Note the look of deep concern on Rocca's face as he tries to help.*

It did. With fearful force, he slammed Rocca down onto the mat. There was a resounding crash — and then, after three dynamic flips that further weakened his opponent — and himself — Carpentier got Rocca into a reverse body press that evened the match at a fall each.

The thunder from the crowd was deafening. Much as they liked Rocca, they admired courage even more. Regardless of the final outcome, Carpentier had scored a victory that could not be wiped out. He had accomplished the second fall in just one minute and 36 seconds, a fantastic demonstration of courage and skill.

But he paid the price. Seconds after the start of the third fall, it was evident that he had done more damage to himself than to his opponent. He could barely walk now, and clearly the end was in sight. Before the action got under way, it came. Carpentier collapsed under his own weight. He was



*So intense was the pain, that tears rolled down Carpentier's face. He later said that he cried more about losing the match than from the pain.*

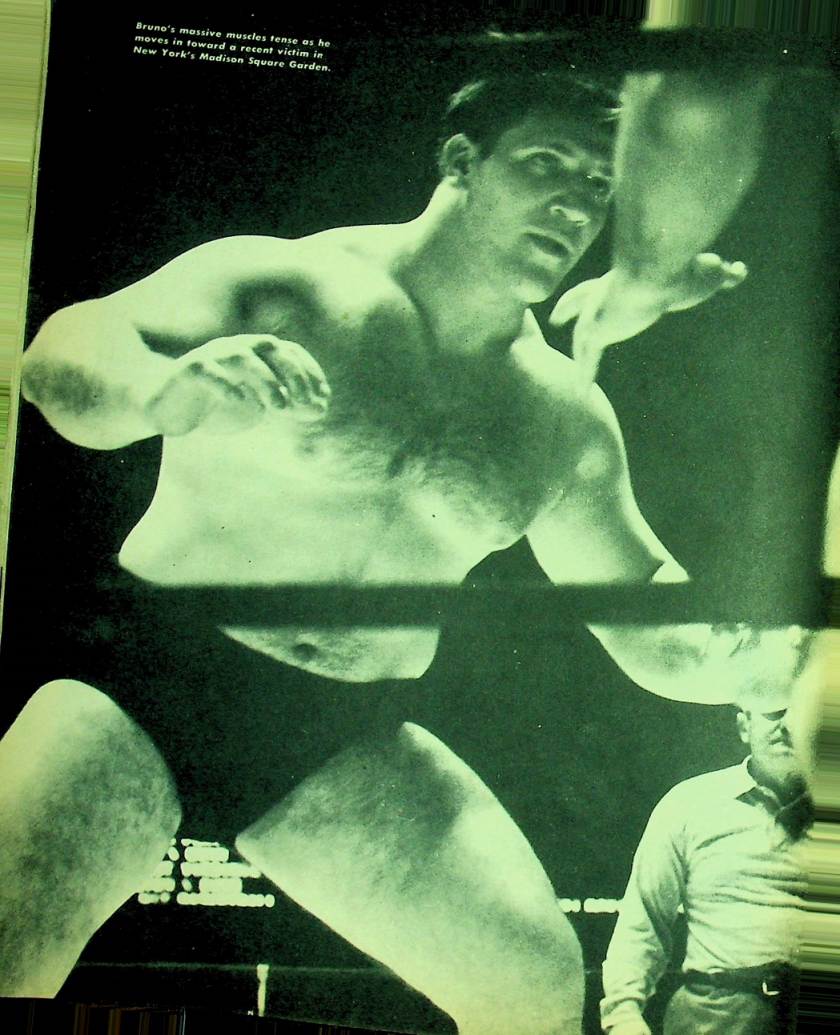
unable to stand.

Rocca, one of the mat's finest gentlemen, solicitously bent over to help him. With the help of others, Carpentier was carried from the ring and back into the dressing room. From there he was taken to St. Luke's hospital. In the papers, next day, was printed the result — a badly sprained ankle that had to be put in a cast. So badly was his ankle damaged that Carpentier's future hung in the balance for many days after.

Of course, we now know what that future was. A few weeks later, Ed was back in action again — and except for further injuries that laid him up from time to time, has continued to be a paragon of wrestling skill, sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct.

And since that day, these two fine wrestlers have secretly wished to settle their private feud — if it can be called that — once and for all. Each, of course, thinks he's the other's superior. One thing is certain — if they ever get a chance to meet again, the result will be the same as last time: a great match featuring the best talent in modern wrestling. The bout will have a terrific beginning, a magnificent middle — and, who knows? — this time it may have a satisfactory ending. For one or the other. . . .●

*A nurse prepares to X-Ray Carpentier's leg in Chicago hospital the day after bout. Injury kept him idle for months.*



Bruno's massive muscles tense as he moves in toward a recent victim in New York's Madison Square Garden.

*Bruno Sammartino is an amazing man. He can lift the rear end of an auto off the ground, and he can crush a big man to death with his bare hands. Now he has his heart set on winning the championship.*

# BRUNO THE GREAT

BY DON ELBAUM

THE VILLAGE of Dulino, Italy, is too small to be found on most maps. When the Germans retreated through it during World War II – chased by the Allied troops all the way from Sicily – they hardly paused for a drink of cold water. They did pause, however, to burn the homes of those **paisanos** who dared to shoot at them as they passed.

One of those who shot at them was a little ten-year-old boy who, with his three brothers and one sister, tried to defend his home. Or, rather, the home of their uncle Giuseppe, with whom they were visiting.

"Bruno!" shouted Trino, one of the brothers, as the first shots were heard from the South, "–the Nazis have come. We're going to fight – but you and your sister run up into the hills. We'll join you there later – if we can."

Bruno Sammartino stuck out his tiny pigeon chest. "I will also fight," he said stubbornly. "I've shot as many stewing rabbits as you have, and I can shoot even straighter!"

There was no time to argue. Already bullets were dropping around them. They rushed behind the low stone wall that surrounded the small house. Trino had dug rifles from a straw-filled hole beneath the flooring, saved for just this moment. From a few of the nearby houses, scattered shots came. Little Bruno and the other Sammartinos were not alone.

Not that it mattered. The German tanks came up the hill without hesitating. A few of the foot soldiers who crouched behind them dropped in their tracks, hit by the accurate volleys from the houses on the hill. But it was like a beaver trying to hold back the tide. The Germans continued on through and beyond the village, and in their wake towers of greasy black smoke rose, each marking the spot where brave men had died.

And brave children.

From the heights above the town, little Bruno Sammartino looked down at the black ruins that had once been the home of his uncle. He was alone. His brothers and small sister still crouched behind the wall of the charred house, but now their rifles were silenced. A German hand grenade had seen to that.

How Bruno Sammartino escaped joining the others in death is one of the miracles of the war.

How he grew from a spindly-legged, skinny kid of ten into one of the world's strongest, best-built men is one of the miracles of wrestling.

It has been a long, long road from Dulino to Madison Square Garden for Bruno Sammartino. "But it is worth the effort and the agony," says Bruno today. And he says it just like that, a minor miracle in itself. Because when we interviewed him after his triumphant arrival in the U.S. – his English was very poor. But applying himself to learning with the same eagerness with which he learned wrestling, Bruno has come up with a command of his new language that could get him a job as a radio announcer.

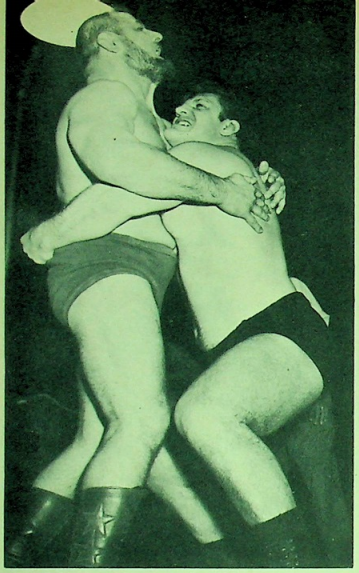
In fact, he speaks English better than he wrestles! This may sound like a strange thing to say about one of the most respected – and feared – men in the ring today, but listen to Bruno himself. "I can wrestle – but I'm not the best in the world. Far from it. I need to know a lot more about science and technique. Right now I'm very strong. No one can survive one of my bear hugs – so I win. That isn't much to brag about."

There's more to it than that, only Bruno is too modest to tell it. So we will:

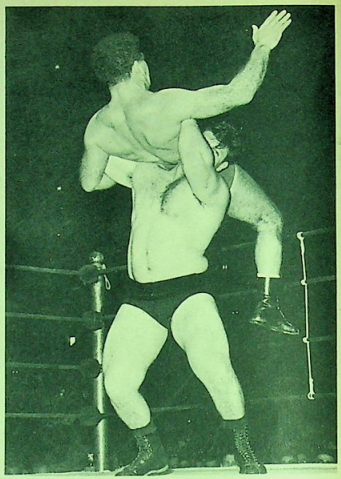
To begin with, Bruno, after somehow getting through the war in Italy, found that he was in bad physical shape. Skinny and underfed, he looked like a fugitive from one of those post-war Italian movies. But Bruno had within him an inherited toughness that grew tougher through adversity. His muscles grew lean and hard as nails, and a frightening strength began building up in the whipcord body.

Then, about ten years ago, Bruno discovered weight-lifting. He took to it with as much gusto as he took to anchovy pizza. Before long the once skinny kid had added almost 100 pounds of brawn. Weighing over 200 pounds, he discovered still another sport. Wrestling.

It helped him forget the war. Happily, he used his bull-like strength to down all who ventured



Boris Volkoff is about to experience the torture of Sammartino's famous bear-hug in Chicago bout.

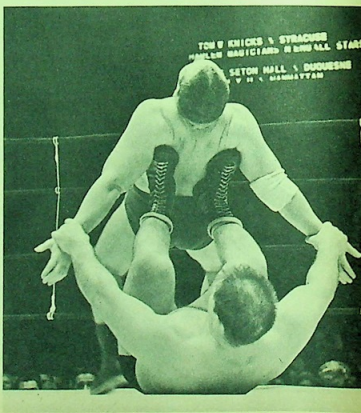


Bruno easily picks up Bull Curry and threatens to heave him into the audience. Only the referee saved Curry.

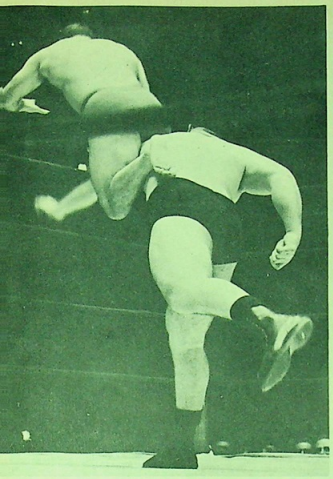
onto the mat with him. He entered every amateur wrestling tournament he could find, and won them all. There grew a clamor from Italian promoters for Bruno to turn professional.

He was about to when he got the chance to come to the U.S. In the New World Bruno discovered that the competition was tougher. In order to win, he either had to learn to wrestle better or gain more strength.

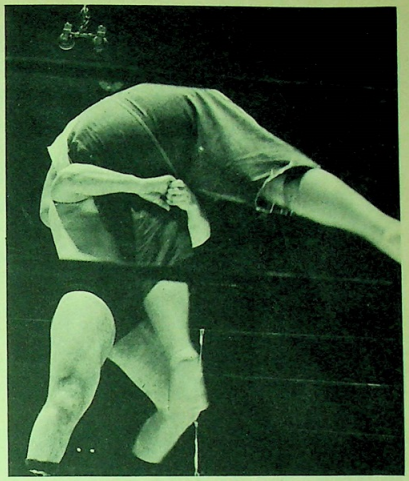
He gained more strength. Last year he was able to do what, until only a few years ago, no other man could do. **He pressed 410 pounds.** Weight lifting fans will appreciate this. So will non-weight lifting fans when we tell them that only two other living men have managed to lift this massive weight overhead in the "press." This makes Sammartino one of the two or three strongest men in the world. (*continued on page* 68)



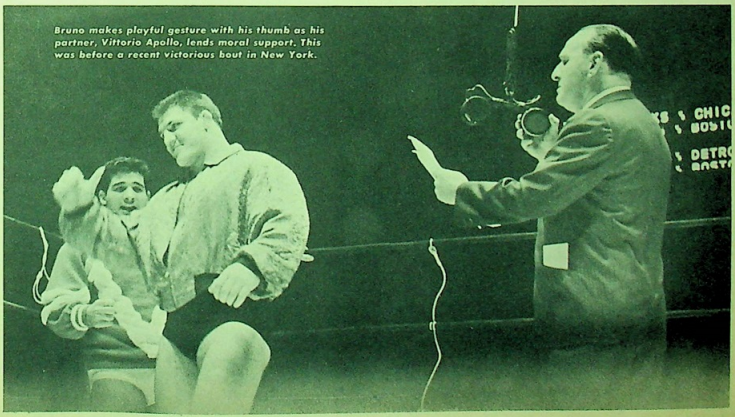
Bruno, who resents being called just a "Strongman," got fancy in duel with the Kangaroos. Here he bends Roy Heffernan's arms back and pushes with his legs.



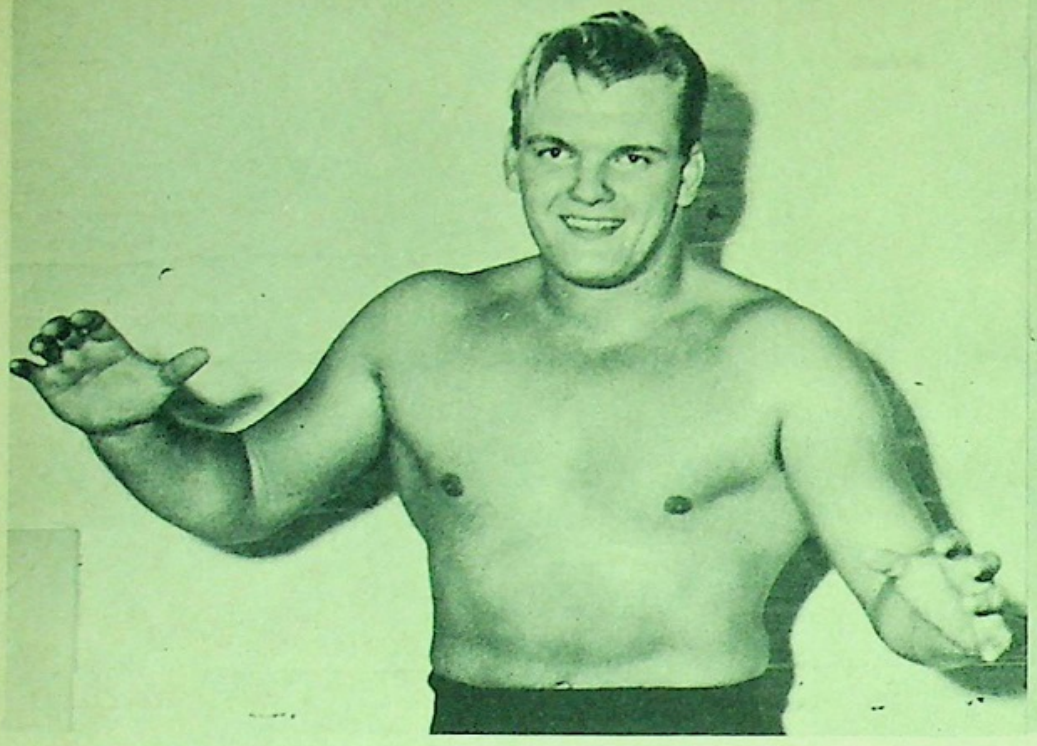
*With an amazing display of power, Bruno throws Mighty Zuma like a baseball. Zuma went over ropes.*



*Few who saw Sammartino lift 604-pound Haystacks Calhoun last year will ever forget it.*



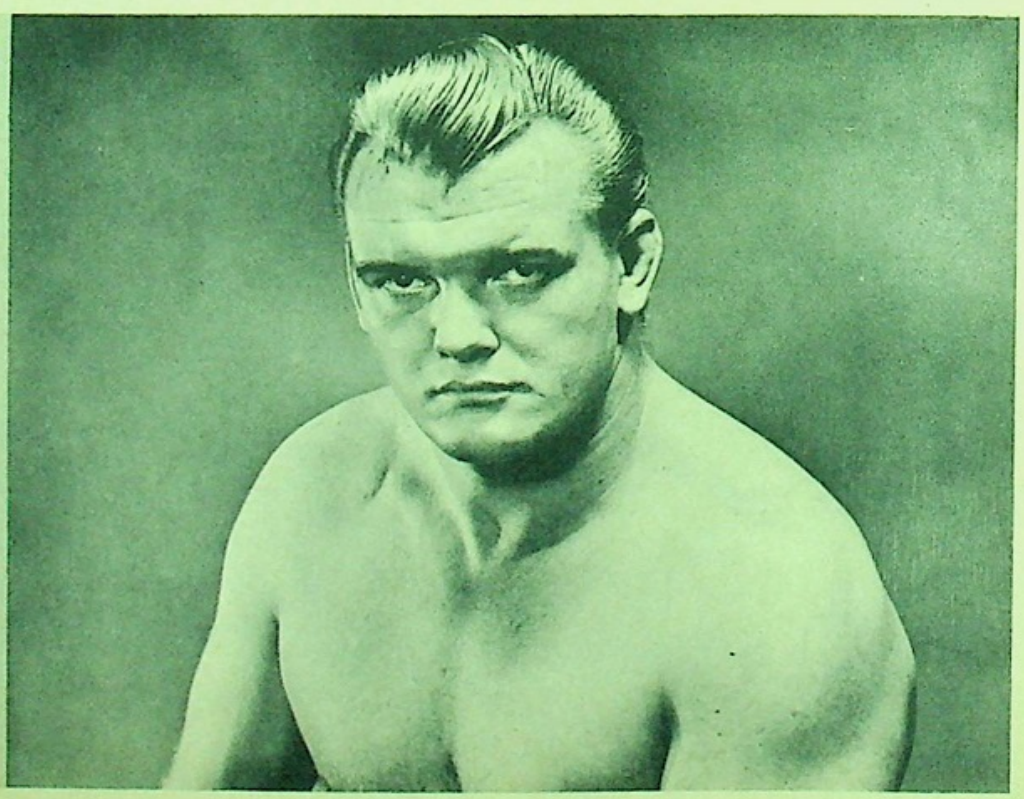
*Bruno makes playful gesture with his thumb as his partner, Vittorio Apollo, lends moral support. This was before a recent victorious bout in New York.*

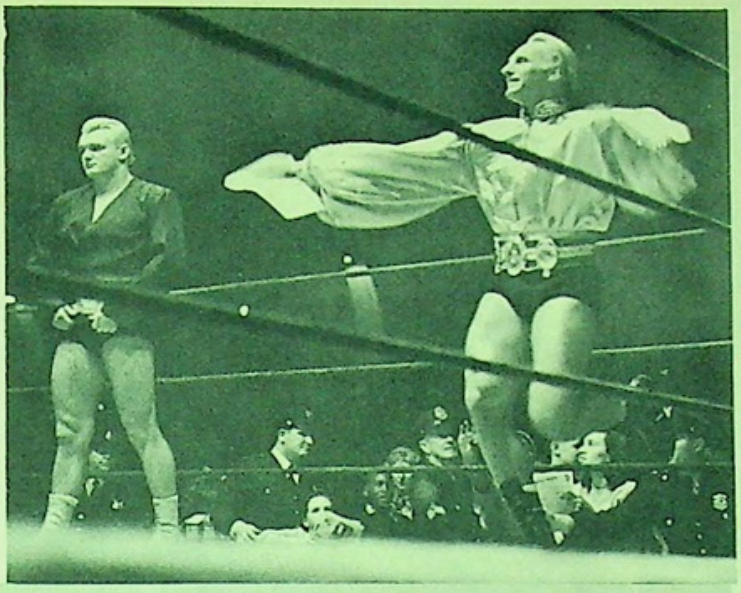


*"I was a green, innocent kid when I started to wrestle back in 1954. But I learned fast and discovered that one had to fight hard to stay alive."*

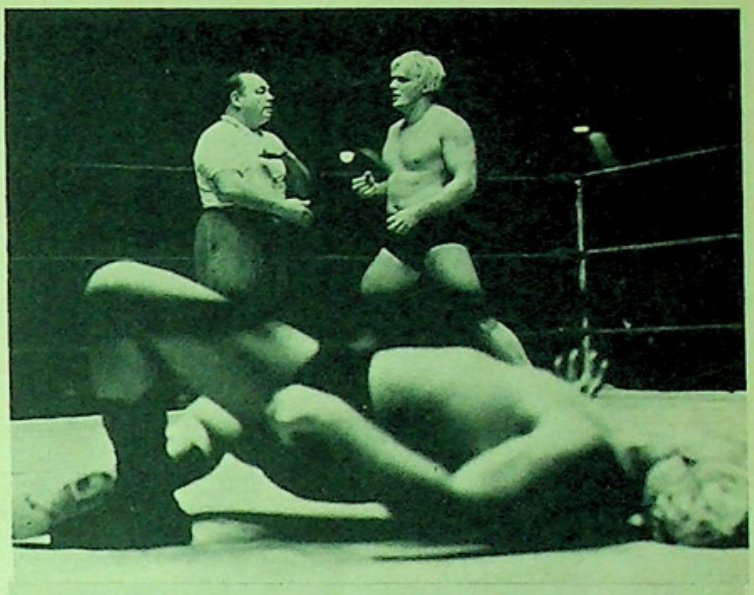
# JOHNNY VALENTINE'S

*"When I compare the picture above with the one at the right I realize all the years of hardship that happened in between. I also realize that I'm getting older."*





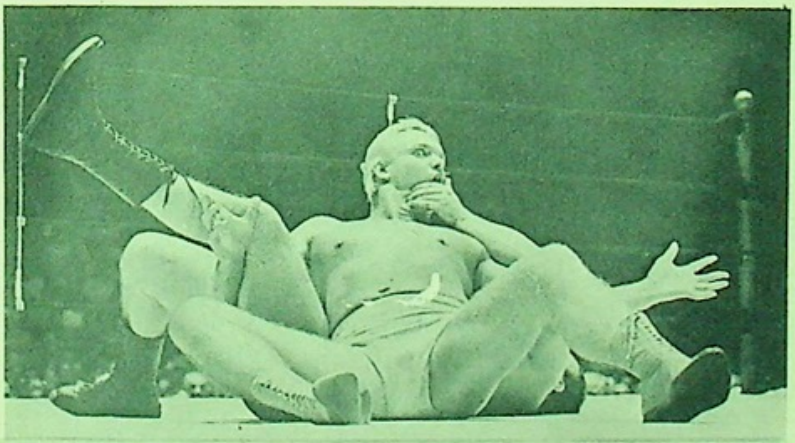
*"I was Gene Stanlee's partner in this match a few years ago."*



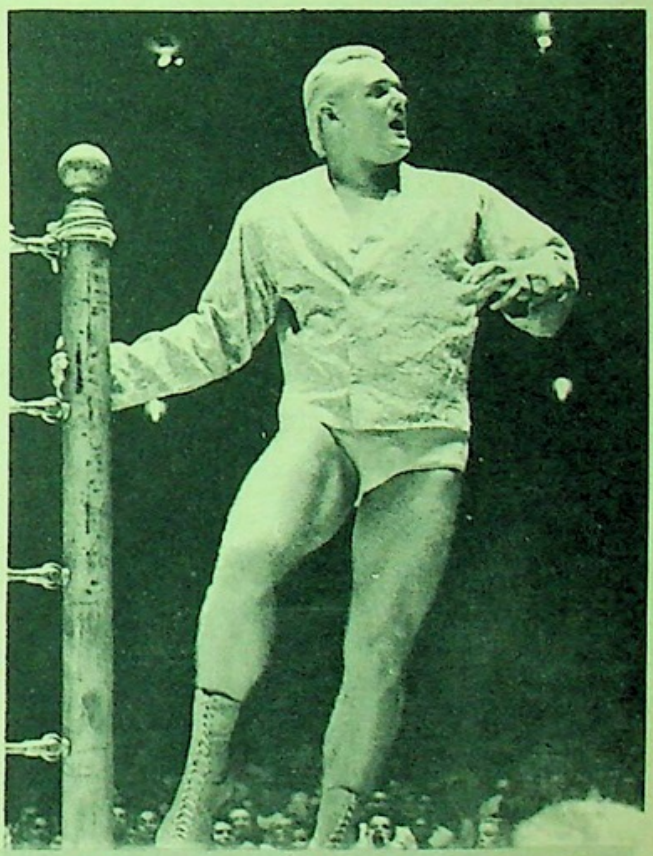
*"Here referee Tony Galento scolds me for hitting Eddie Graham."*

# ALBUM

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CAREER



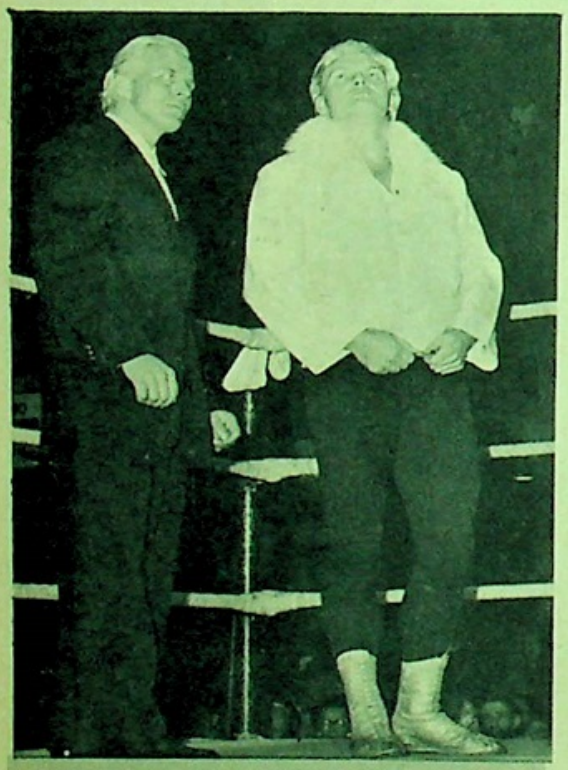
*"My eyes seem to be popping out of my head as Hercules Cortez squeezes."*



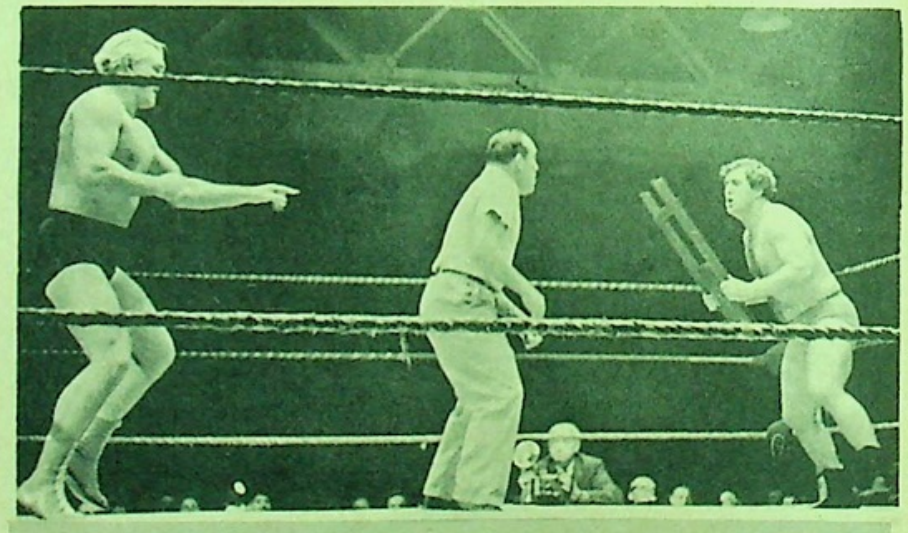
*"The crowd boos me as I make my entrance into the Garden Ring."*

*"Hercules Cortez, shown twisting my neck, was a very tough opponent. I was lucky to beat him in this bout."*

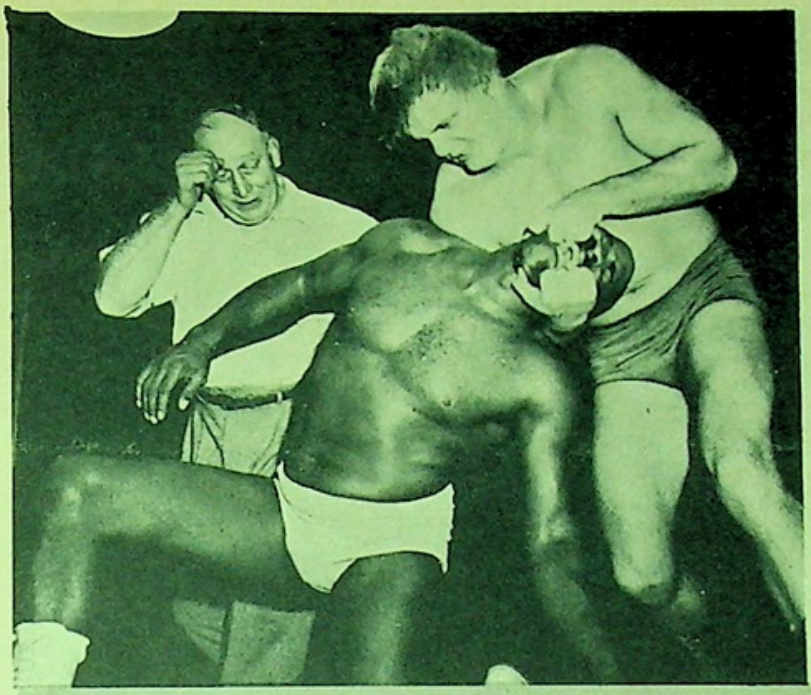
*"I walked up the ropes to dig my knee into Cortez' neck."*



*"I was at my meanest here. Chet Wallick is with me."*

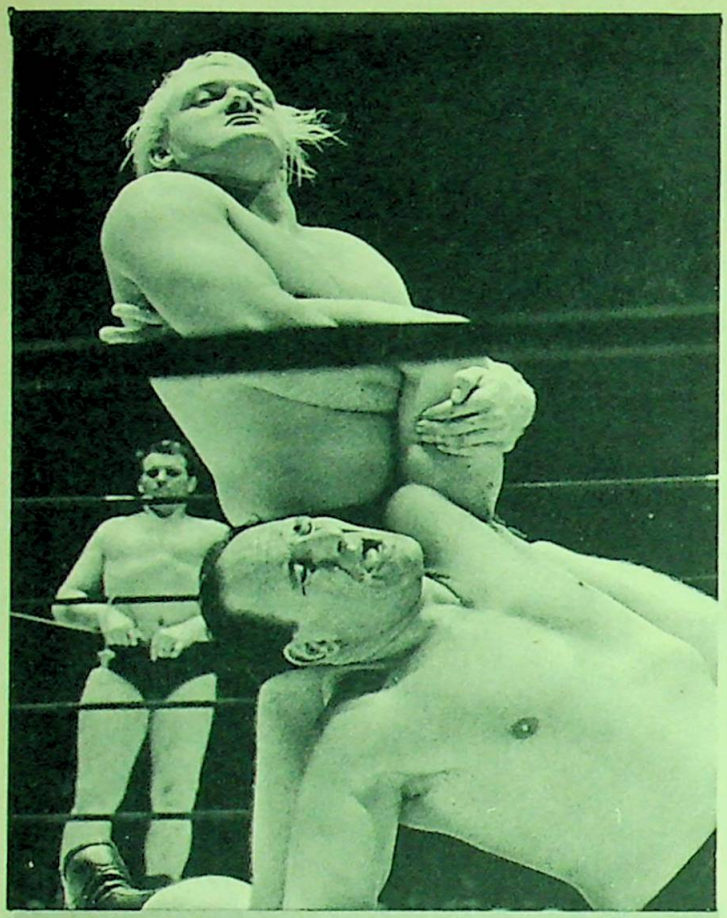


*"Jack Donovan threatens me with a chair after I fouled him in this Washington, D.C., bout in 1958."*

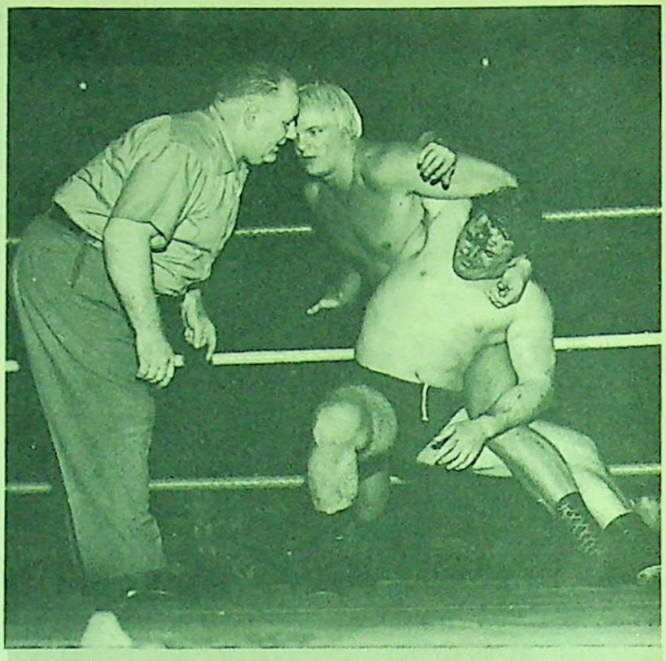


*"Look at this picture if you want to see how mean I once was. That's Bearcat's mouth."*

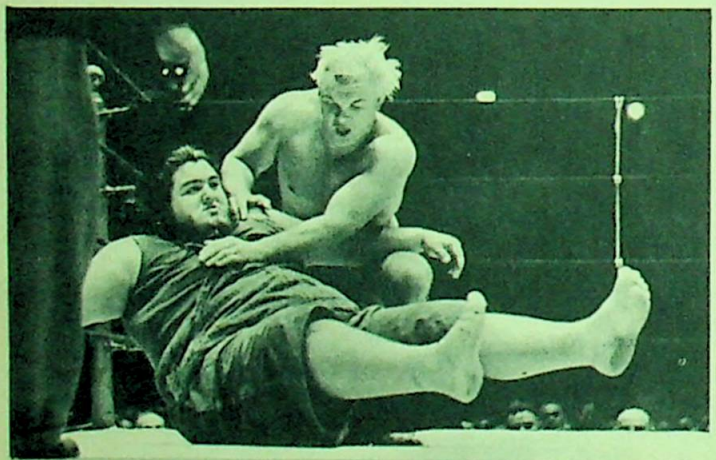
*"I tried to step over the top rope to get away from Killer Kowalski in Montreal, 1959."*



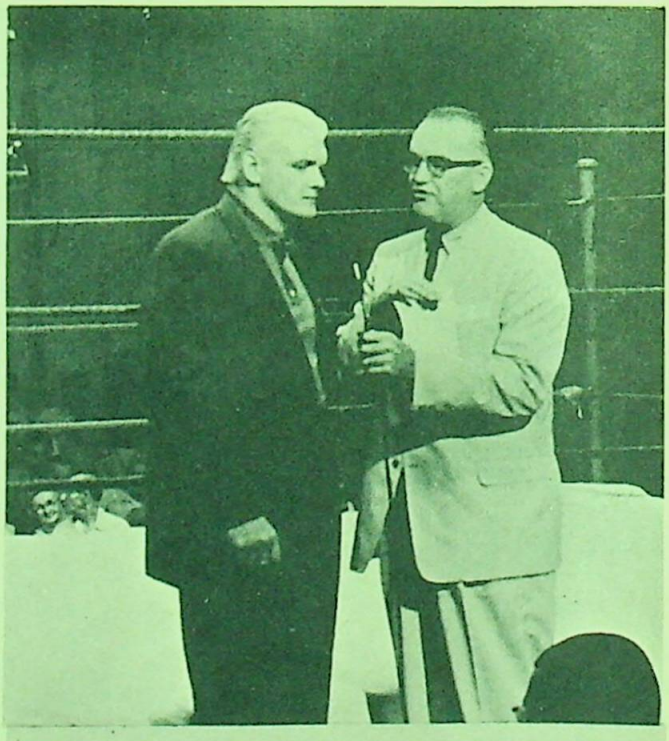
*"Although I don't like Al Costello, (down), I must admit he's a fine wrestler."*



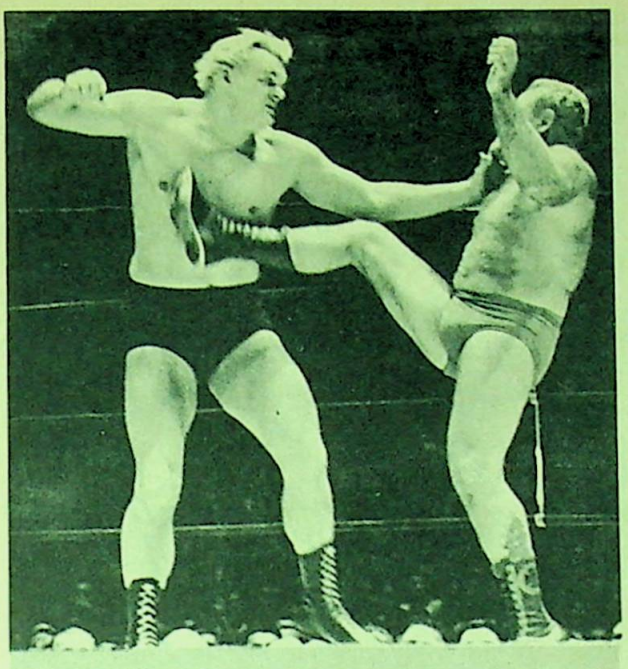
*"Sandor Kovacs is covered with blood as I hold him in a grapevine, 1958."*



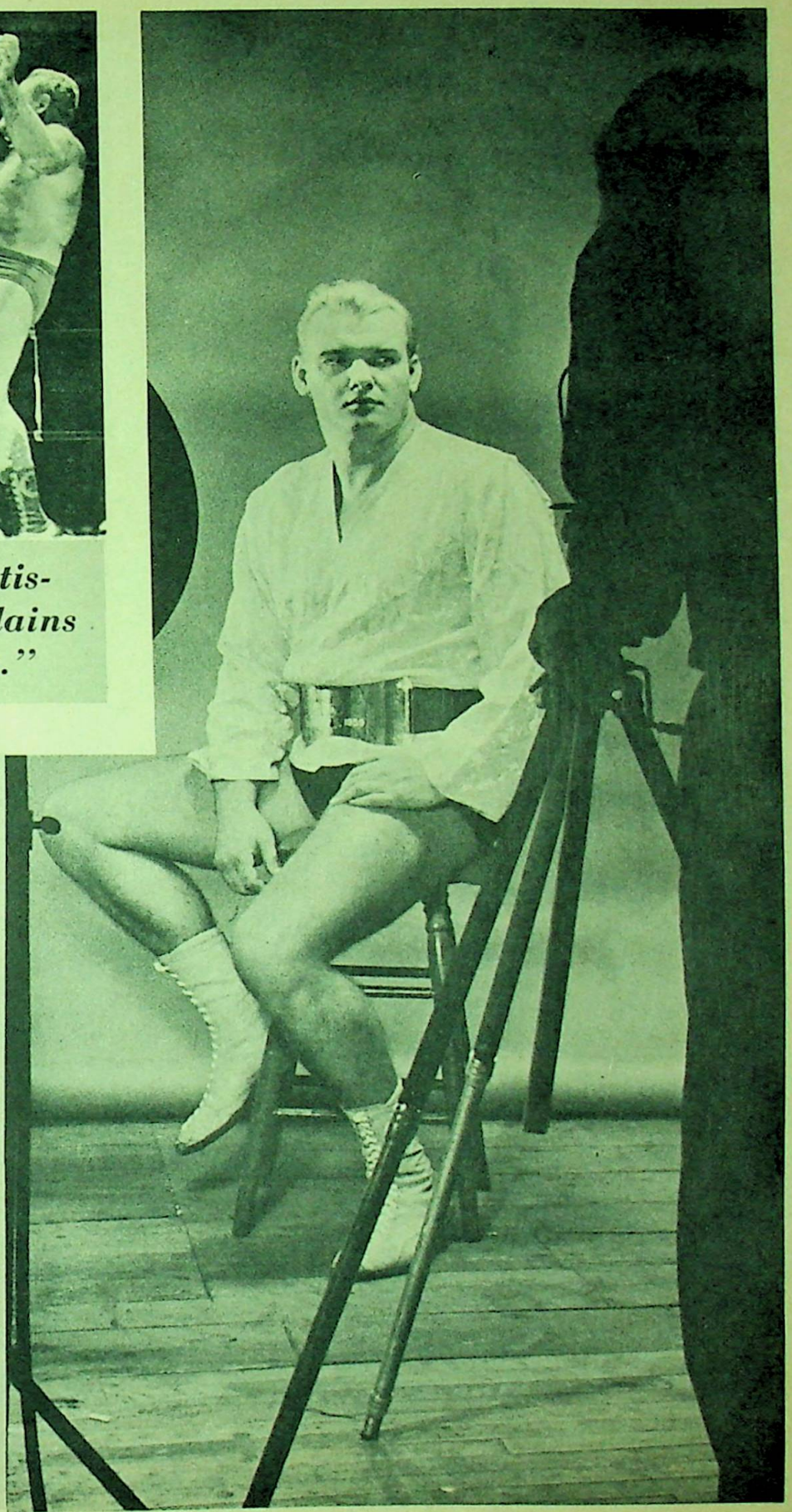
*"It was a wild bout I had with Haystacks Calhoun in 1960. He's a very tough man."*



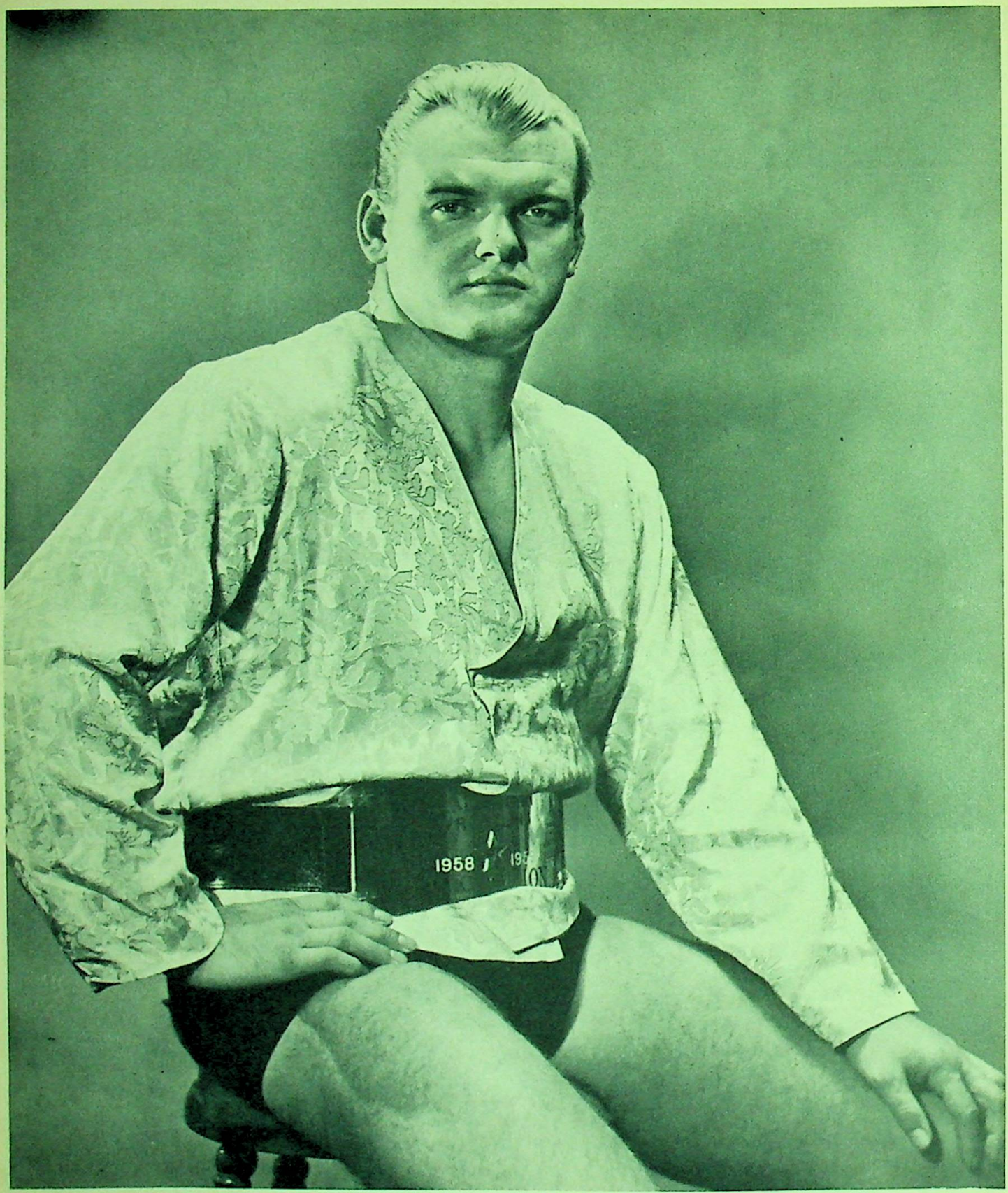
*"In June, 1960, I changed my way of life. Here I tell Ray Morgan all about it."*



*"Now I get much satisfaction beating villains like Karl Von Hess."*



*"I had a wonderful time posing for portrait pictures in Wrestling Revue's New York studio. The photos taken at this session are, in my opinion, the finest ever taken of a wrestler."*




*"My whole life has changed since I stopped kicking and gouging my fellow wrestlers. I am now happy and content."*

# Close-up of Dickie Steinborn

AFTER SEEING Dickie Steinborn completely dazzle and then pin his opponent in Indianapolis one night not long ago, a middle-aged woman, who had been cheering her heart out for Steinborn, said, "If I could choose any man in the whole world to be cast away with on a remote island, I'd choose Dickie Steinborn."

Thousands of other American females feel the same way about this beautifully-built, strikingly handsome young wrestler.

Steinborn has a magnetic appeal about him. He can simply step into a ring, smile, and have the crowd eating out of the palm of his hand.

"I've never seen anything like it in my life," says veteran Florida promoter Cowboy Luttrall. "This kid just shows him-self and he's a big hit. In fact, he doesn't even have to wrestle."

But Dickie Steinborn does wrestle, with great skill and dazzling speed. Taught by his father, Milo, a top mat star in his own time and also a world famous strongman, Dickie had an amazing knowledge of wrestling techniques at the age of ten.

"Dad treated me like a full grown gorilla," recalls Dickie with a chuckle. "He'd get me on the mat and twist my arms and legs to the breaking point. Then he'd let me go, take a step backward, put his hands on his hips and growl, 'What's the matter, son? You're not going to let me get away with that, are you?' "

"I didn't know whether to cry or kick him," said Dickie.

He did neither. He just kept learning.

Today, Dickie Steinborn lives in Orlando, Florida, and except for an occassional quick trip up north to appear on a big show, he confines his activity to the deep South.

*(See overleaf)*

# DICKIE STEINBORN

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 8

**In this exclusive interview a world famous lady wrestler speaks her mind and then makes some startling revelations—and challenges!**

SHE IS INDEED FABULOUS, this wonderful and exciting personality who each year thrills hundreds of thousands of wrestling fans throughout the country with her flamboyant manner and savage style of wrestling.

She is the Fabulous Moolah, outspoken and dangerous in the ring, a charming and delightful companion away from the howling mobs.

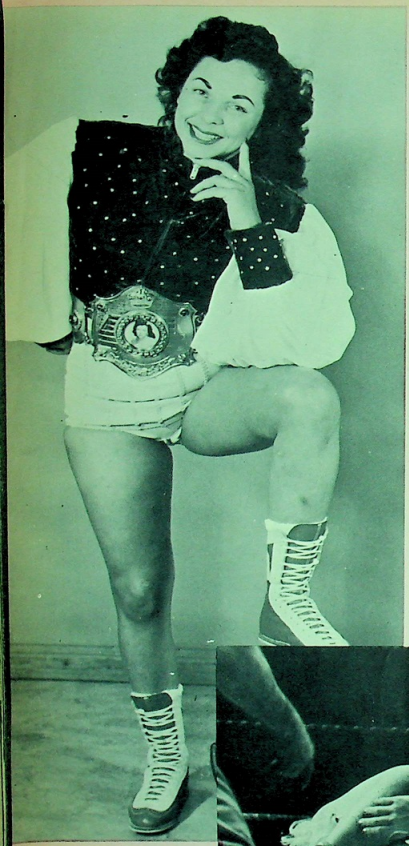
She asked for this interview. The Fabulous Moolah had a lot on her chest, so to speak. And she granted this exclusive to the readers of WRESTLING REVUE.

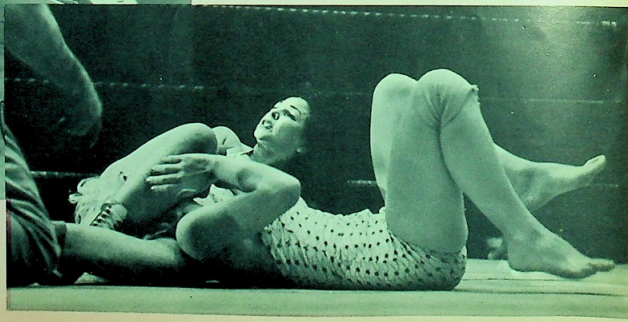
She arrived at our editorial offices wearing a full-length mink coat draped over her shoulders, her raven black hair wind-blown from her short walk along Fifth Avenue. She was smiling, her full ruby lips curved ever so deliciously.

We hustled her into our inner sanctum, away from what we feared would turn into a howling, drooling mob of writers and artists. Too much exposure and they wouldn't be right for a month; besides, we wanted this one all to ourselves.

We soon saw that beneath her fur coat she was poured into a white, strapless evening gown, which accented her olive skin. Her very unslave- bracelets and rings sparkled from the careless tossed arm as she sat down, relaxing with the ease of a contented feline. It was time to get to work.

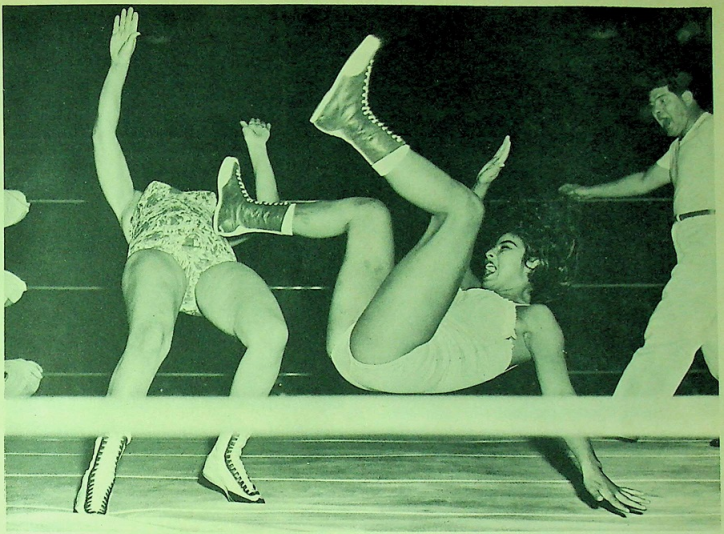
Miss





*Moolah's favorite picture shows her with foot on a world globe, symbolizing her claim to championship.*

*Right: Moolah holds Judy Grable in head scissors.*



*Rita Cortez, right, sends Moolah reeling with a vicious drop kick in bout at Amarillo, Texas.*

# Moolah, State Your Case

**Q.** Moolah, we understand you have some things you want to tell your public, but first a little background. Why are you a wrestler? Do you get any particular kind of kicks out of it?

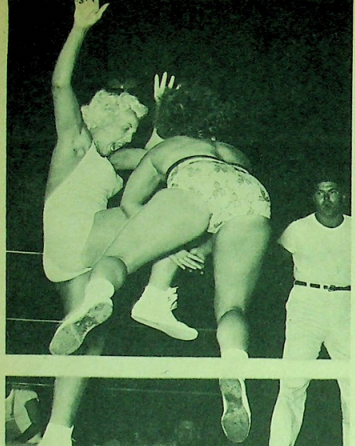
**A.** I love it. I do get something out of it, the thrill of competition, the chance to match my skills against others. Kicks? In a way, but from the look on your face, I'd say not that way. Besides, I earn about $50,000 a year. Where else can a girl earn that kind of money legitimately?

**Q.** But isn't wrestling a dangerous sport; too tiring and demanding for a woman?

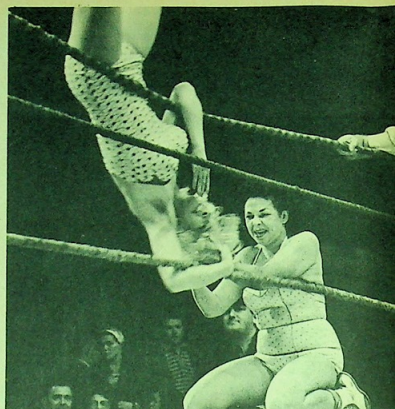
**A.** Last year I travelled about 150,000 in my Cadillac, which is, I'll save you the trouble of asking, cream and white with blue leather upholstery. In addition I made a number of quick flying trips. I had 137 bouts and was undefeated. You must remember that we are professional athletes, well-conditioned, well-trained. Yes, it does get tiring at times, the travelling mostly, but the sport no. We know our business and rate ourselves on a par with male athletes.

**Q.** Have you ever been hurt during a bout?

**A.** Only twice seriously. Mildred Burke broke my leg once, in Indianapolis. She, incidentally, was the greatest of them all. There has never been a



*Moolah, back toward camera, is on the receiving end of a knee lift delivered by the very talented Bonnie Watson.*



*Moolah snarls as she pulls Judy Grable out of the ring by her hair. Judy was hammered into defeat in Washington bout.*

better wrestler than Mildred. I doubt that there ever will be. The other time that blonde witch, Judy Grable, broke my shoulder in Washington, D. C.

**Q.** You don't like Judy?

**A.** I hate her!

**Q.** You say that you were undefeated in 137 bouts last year. You mean you won them all?

**A.** Well, if you want to count some of those disqualifications, not all. But nobody pinned me.

**Q.** Some people complain that bouts between female wrestlers are more hair-pulling fiascos than scientific wrestling. What about that?

**A.** Believe me, girl wrestlers, and I've been up against hundreds of them, are well versed in the science of the sport. We know all the moves, the holds, we know leverage, and we use them as efficiently as do the male wrestlers. Hair-pulling? Yes, it happens sometimes. But bear in mind that we are women first and wrestlers second. I guess it is an inborn trait in every female, just as some of the girls occasionally resort to scratching. You take a mouse. I'll tackle anything on two legs, but if I was to see a mouse scurrying across your office floor I'd jump on your desk and hoist my skirts way up. Or a rolling pin. Sometimes I get so fired up during a match that if I had a rolling pin handed to me, I'd use it as a weapon.

**Q.** Where did you learn to wrestle, that is, who taught you?

**A.** Well, as you know, I was born in South Africa. My father's father went there many years ago as a diamond hunter. And he did pretty well. My family brought me to America when I was a small girl. But we still have relatives and friends in Africa. As a matter of fact, one of these diamond bracelets comes from an ardent admirer in Johannesburg. I grew up in Kentucky, where my father was a prosperous tobacco farmer. I had twelve brothers. I was the only girl, so naturally I was a tomboy. Everything they did, I wanted to do. When they went out for wrestling on the school team, I did too. I liked it. But it was really Buddy Lee who taught me. I owe most to him. It was his careful training, his amazing knowledge of the game which made me what I am today.

**Q.** We gather you like wrestling. Is there anything you dislike about it, any peeves?

**A.** I have been very fortunate and wrestling has been good to me. Peeves? Sometimes we girls get together and talk over things. Yes, there are one or two things. We are professional athletes, as I said, well-trained and well-conditioned. But some states have such stringent physical examinations that it makes it almost impossible for us to perform. We recognize that it is important for us to be in tip-top condition, but some of the petty things they bring up are really assinine.

**Q.** Anything else?

**A.** Yes, I would like to see the rules amended so that a female wrestler could be matched against a male wrestler. And that is one of the reasons I wanted to give this interview to WRESTLING REVUE.

**Q.** You want to invade the men's domain? Are such bouts allowed in any states?

**A.** No. The closest is in Texas, which I might say has the finest and fairest set of regulations in the country.

**Q.** But your weight would put you at a terrific disadvantage. The average male wrestler weighs about 220, and you weigh about 160. Frankly, I don't think you'd have a chance.

**A.** You're wrong! And given the chance, I'll prove it. Of course, there would have to be some kind of handicap advantages on my side. For example: the man should not be allowed to keep me in any one hold longer than say twenty seconds. The man should not be allowed to use any flying maneuvers such as drop kicks or flying tackles, etc.

**Q.** Whom of all the male wrestlers would you like most to meet?

**A.** Well, you'll think I'm crazy. But I'm sincere. I'd like to wrestle Buddy Rogers. He'd have about 100 pounds on me, he weighs up around 240, but regardless of that he's the man I want to get. I've watched him for years and I know all his moves, all his weaknesses. I'm surprised a lot of the geeks he's been wrestling haven't discovered how easy it is to beat him. I first spotted Buddy's weaknesses in Boston about four years ago. And he is still making the same mistakes.

**Q.** If you beat Rogers, if such a match were possible, you would be the champion?

**A.** If I beat Buddy Rogers I would be the rightful champion of the world, male and female. And I would take on all comers! I'd defend the title against the best wrestlers, whether they be men or women.

**Q.** That's quite an ambitious program. We doubt that you could beat a champion male wrestler who has that much weight on you, Moolah, though we have the highest respect for you as a wrestler. But it would be an interesting match to view, and certainly we can see it is the goal uppermost in your mind.

**A.** That is one of them. You ran a story in WRESTLING REVUE not too long ago contending that a Wrestler could always beat a Boxer. I agree with you wholeheartedly. But I am going to go you one better. Here and now, I am throwing an open challenge to any heavyweight boxer in the world. Anything less than a heavyweight I don't want to bother with. There is no question about the superiority of the wrestler over the boxer. I want Floyd Patterson, the champion of the world, or Sonny Liston, the No. 1 contender. I'd whip them so quickly they'd never know what happened. I make this open challenge for publication – and I want to see it answered. Buddy Rogers, or any wrestler, or Patterson or Liston, but not all on the same night.

**Q.** Moolah, there certainly would be tremendous interest in such matches. How about wrestling in general, and female wrestling in particular, is the interest waning, static or on the upgrade?

**A.** The interest in female wrestling is increasing to a fever pitch. Wherever we perform the fans are coming out in droves. They know we are not freaks, but professional athletes who are trying and giving our best. Before and after every match, no matter what town, no matter how large or small the arena, I am swamped with requests for autographs.

**Q.** Is there anything else you wanted to say to our readers?

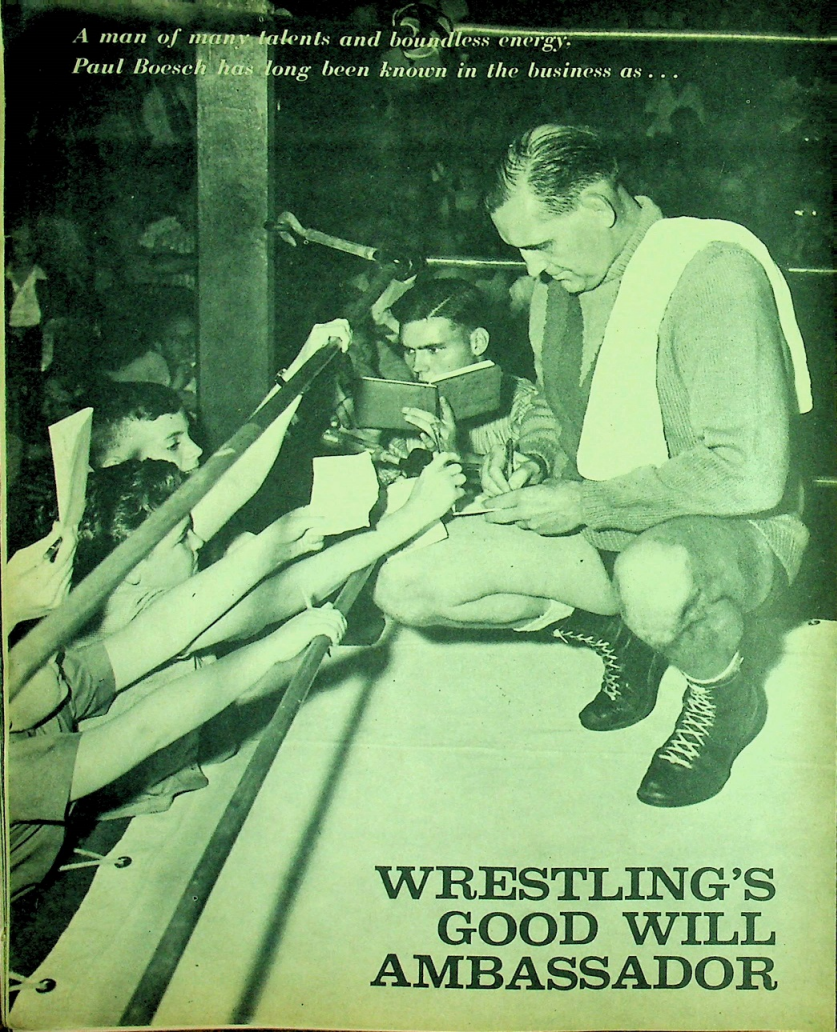
**A.** Well, first, I wanted this story to be published in WRESTLING REVUE, which I know has the largest circulation of any wrestling magazine in the world. Also, through your fine magazine, I want to thank the fans for their patronage over the years. Even though they always boo me, I hold no hard feelings. I love you all, each and every one of you.

**Q.** One last question, Moolah. Who are you having dinner with tonight?

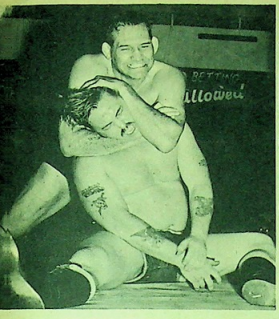
**A.** You, of course!

*When we showed her this old photo of herself with Elephant Boy, for who she worked as a "Slave Girl," Moolah grinned and said, "I wish you'd burn it."*

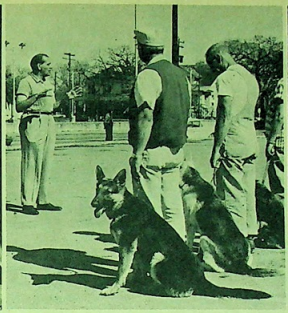
*A man of many talents and boundless energy:*
*Paul Boesch has long been known in the business as . . .*



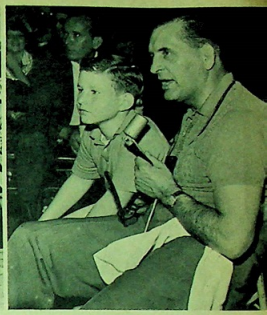
# WRESTLING'S GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR



Boesch the wrestler



Boesch the dog trainer



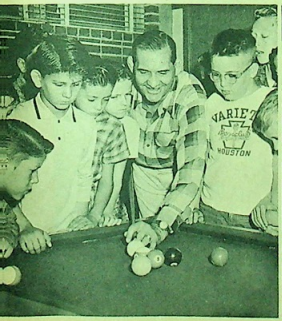
Boesch the ringside announcer

**BY BOB VERLIN**

A LIGHT SNOW was falling on the road to Huertgen in central Germany as the American troops moved up. Paul Boesch was sick of it. Sick of the long war and the fighting. But on he plodded. As an infantry officer he could not allow his personal feelings to get the best of him, nor could he allow his men to see that he too was tired. The white snow increased to a blinding fury and up ahead the chatter of machine gun fire could be heard. Boesch signalled his men, and they moved forward into the forest of hell. The roar of guns was deafening.

Paul Boesch, professional wrestler, fought his greatest battle in those dark woods. When it was over he was the most decorated wrestler of World War II, a hero. Read the official army reports: twice awarded the Silver Star; twice the Bronze Star; twice wounded and awarded the Purple Heart; a grateful France pinned on him its cherished Croix de Guerre. To these were added the Presidential Unit Citation and the Combat Infantryman's badge.

*(continued on next page)*



Boesch the youth leader

Boesch the publicist

Boesch with trophies and friend

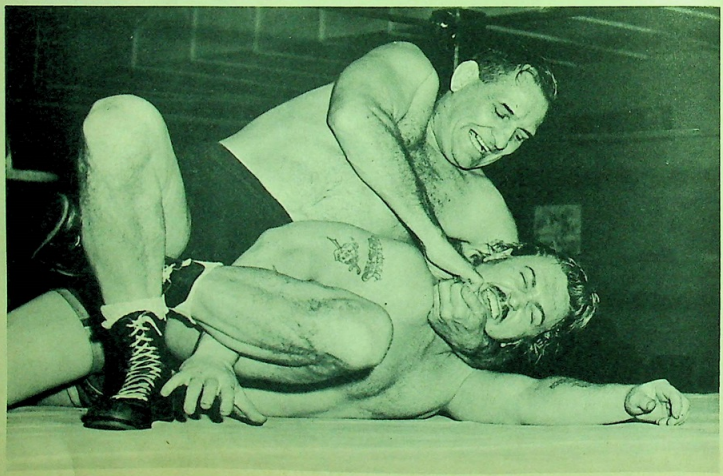
*Jack Dalton tries his best to choke the life out of great local hero Boesch in wild bout at Beaumont, Texas.*

When it was all over over there Paul returned to what he knew best: wrestling, a profession at which he had excelled, a sport in which he was rated tops both in popularity and performance. He returned to the Texas rings.

But these wartime achievements, the fame that continued with his mat victories, were not enough. Always, the intelligent, personable Paul Boesch felt a driving need to improve himself and to help others. It stemmed from his boyhood days as a life guard on the Long Beach (L.I.) beaches where to this day, more than 25 years after he made his last rescue, they still call Paul "The best life guard we ever had."

His radio and telecasts of the sport in Fort Worth, Port Arthur, Houston, Dallas and San Antonio made his name a by-word in the profession. You can always believe what he told you. Boesch was too honest to steer you wrong. He became known as the Voice of Wrestling throughout Texas, and he used his position and telecasts as a means of helping organizations dedicated to the public good. By convincing wrestlers that good causes were good business, they joined him and a huge file of hundreds of commendations, a wall-full of plaques and a heart-full of satisfaction attests to the success of his idea.

Paul didn't stop there. Juvenile delinquency was getting out of hand and the youth of America needed guidance. So he stepped right into the fray,



as nimbly confident as he steps into a ring. The youngsters of Houston now take up a great deal of his time. As president of the Variety Boys Club, he guides the destinies of one of the finest of youth organizations anywhere, a club which presently is spending $125,000 in an expansion program for the betterment of youth activity and boasts over 3,000 members.

Paul's great interest in dogs led in part to the spread of obedience training in Texas. He became training director for the German Shepherd Dog Club and president of the South Texas Obedience Club. His enthusiasm and untiring efforts in this work spread the doctrine of dog training until there are at least a dozen different clubs now holding weekly classes.

In addition, Boesch teaches tumbling at the School for Retarded Children in Houston, makes countless trips to Veterans Hospitals and is available for almost any valid charitable cause.

What kind of a wrestler is Paul Boesch? Ask Buddy Rogers, the champion, a most conservative man when it comes to praising others. Says Rogers, "Paul Boesch is the kind of guy who doesn't look like he'd be too hard to handle – until you get in the ring with him. Then it's too late. He's got just about everything going for him; terrific speed, a fantastic knowledge of holds and leverage, and he's strong, not the kind of clumsy strong like some guys I can mention, but the kind of strong that 'bends' you into knots."

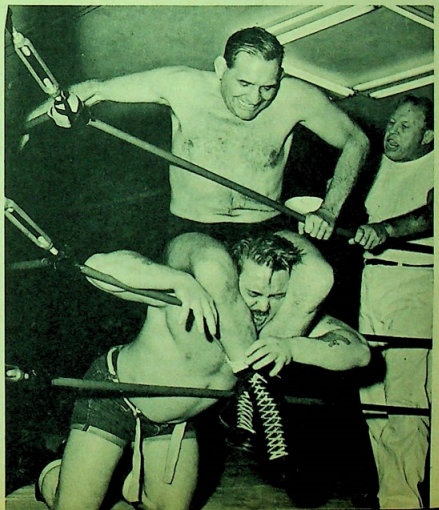
Ask Lou Thesz. "Boesch is as good a wrestler as any man I've ever faced in all my years on the mat. I have the highest respect for him."

Ask Wilbur Snyder. "Paul should have been champion. He was that good a wrestler. The trouble was, he just didn't get the breaks."

Paul had just given the works to villain Jack Dalton in a Beaumont ring and after the fans got through pounding their hero's broad back, we had him alone and he explained the driving force that keeps him so active: "The community has been good to wrestling and I believe that wrestling, to justify its existence, must be equally good to the community. I represent wrestling in everything I do. I work for charity not as an individual but as a man who is proud of wrestling and wants others to be equally proud. I hope the feeling will spread among all wrestlers, everywhere."

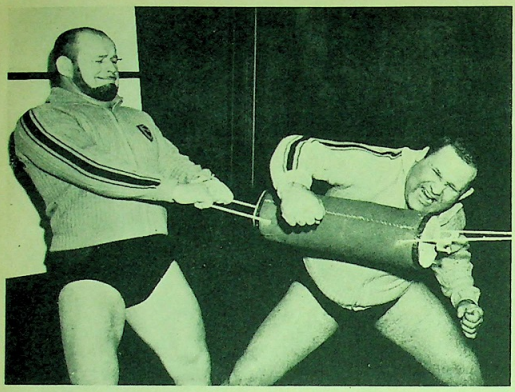
Somewhere along the line, Paul Boesch, professional wrestler, found the time to write a book, "Road To Huertgen – Forest In Hell," an account of his wartime experiences. After we read the book we understood more of this most unusual man, what makes him continue his fight against odds for the forces of good over evil.

Paul Boesch is more than just a credit to the wrestling game. He is a credit to his country and to good men everywhere. ●



*Paul, who is famous for his expert use of the scissors hold, works a difficult combination headlock and arm scissors on Jack Dalton. Notice how it is the scissors that keeps Dalton completely helpless.*

*Boesch, who admits to a twenty year career, still has remarkable agility. Moments before this picture was taken, he leaped off the top rope to get Dalton in a head scissors.*



*Nicoli Volkoff holds leather-covered log as Johnny Kace hammers away at it.*

*When Johnny Kace and Nicoli Volkoff joined into a team, the union was promptly, and rightly, called . . .*

# The Unholy Alliance

IT'S AS EASY as rolling off a log, the way the new Russian-American tag team of Nicoli Volkoff and Johnny Kace go about defeating their opponents.

But because of the unusual pre-bout warm-up and the damaging blow used by this amazing team, State Athletic Commissions throughout the country are really up a tree. Should they ban the log? Should they ban the blow? Should they ban Volkoff and Kace? Should we declare war on Russia?

It's the most hectic argument wrestling has seen in years, threatening to blow up entirely out of proportion and split up a team that represents one of the few occasions in recent times when Russians and Americans worked together.

Fans are outraged and opponents become paralyzed with fear when Johnny and Nicoli shift into action. They climb into the ring with an innocent-enough looking log covered with leather padding.

"We hang this log on a ring post," said Volkoff, the 230-pounder from Leningrad. "Before the match starts, we warm up by dropping down on the log with great force with our forearms and biceps. In addition we continuously exercise with the log in the dressing room, in the hotel and in the gym."

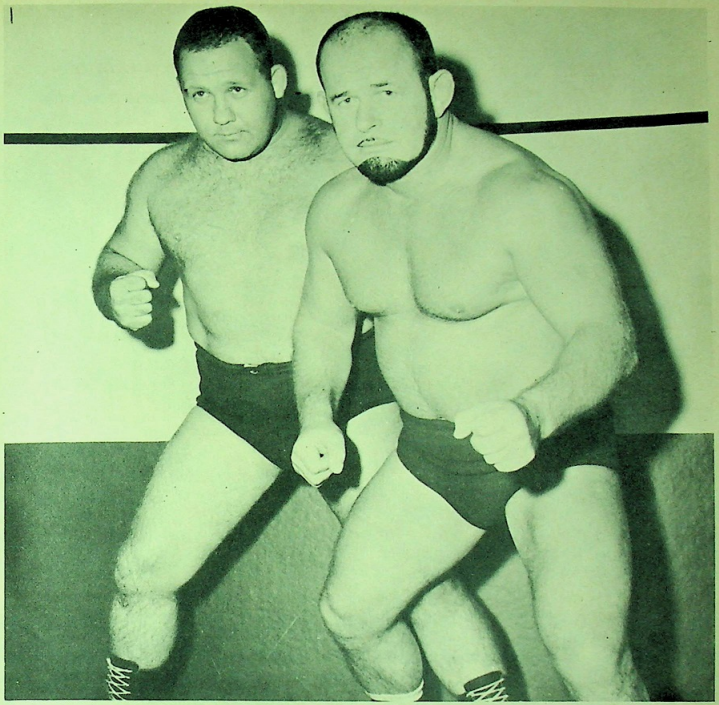
The continuous pounding on the log, which creates an ominous booming sound, strengthens their shoulders and biceps. "It's a toughener that makes our arms and shoulders hard as nails," Volkoff said as he held up his powerful limbs for us to examine.

Having beat out a steady tattoo on the log in the ring, they then set upon their opponents, applying the same, bludgeoning tactics to flesh. The blows they use are called "serep" which means "sickle" in Russian, the implement which has since time immemorial been used to cut down waving fields of wheat.

The bone-cracking, body-smashing blows rain down on the opposition with a force and fury seldom before seen in a wrestling match, capable of seriously injuring the heart and kidneys, as they slam down with death-dealing force on vulnerable parts of the body.

Are the blows legal? It's a hair-splitting, head-splitting argument, with the Commissions, usually on the lenient side, finding themselves, because of the damage the crushing blows have caused, in the middle. But how to resolve this explosive situation? More than one faint-hearted, previously swaggering and ferocious opponent, has protested the blow, pleading with the commission to outlaw it.

"We thought up the idea of devising this log after lengthy consideration," said Volkoff. "As you know, Kace and I always like to play rough. After I broke up with my brother Boris, Johnny and I teamed up. Play it as rough as possible, but within the rules. Smash all the opposition out of our way and fight our way to the World Tag Team title.We were determined that nothing would stop us. One day as I was saying this to Johnny Kace I made a sweeping motion with my arm and I remembered the stories of my people in Russia and



*Kace, left, and Volkoff dare any team to block their path to the championship.*

how they became so strong from working in the wheat fields."

"I knew we had it, just as soon as Nicky finished the swing," joined in Kace. "We were going to use the most devastating blow ever seen in wrestling."

They checked on how Joe Stecher developed his famous scissor hold by crushing sacks of wheat to strengthen his limbs. They looked into the wooden dummy head with springs that Everette Marshall used to perfect his headlock and strengthen his arms. They watched Japs pounding boards with their bare hands, Karate style.

"We noted everything carefully," said Volkoff, "taking the best of each in an attempt to arrive at the right apparatus. We finally decided on the log."

"The leather covered log weighs about twenty pounds," explains Kace. "It is about two feet in height and is perfect to accomplish our purpose."

We watched Volkoff and Kace in action that evening and saw their opponents cringe in fear when the serap blow came smashing in to them. We shuddered, as the fans were screaming behind us, ready to agree that the unholy alliance had indeed accomplished its purpose. ●

*The Kozak brothers, Jerry, left, and Nick, enjoy a night out with their wives in Houston.*

# The KOZAK BROTHERS Know How To Live

## BROTHER TAG TEAMS ARE COMMON IN WRESTLING.

## BUT THERE IS NOTHING COMMON ABOUT THE FABULOUS KOZAKS.

**BY JAMES LONGSTREET**

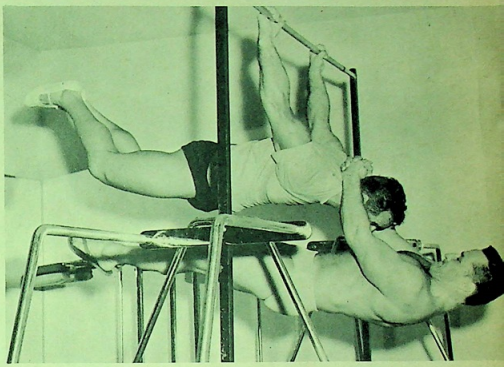
YOU LOOK AT the two handsome, hefty grapplers, Nick and Jerry Kozak, when they tell you that at one time they were training to become concert violinists – and you know they aren't stringing you along.

Maybe violins don't go with violence but this remarkable Tag Team from Texas managed to hurdle the concert hall for the wrestling arena and close in on the world championship.

It all began long ago when Momma and Poppa Kozak, Austrian immigrants to Vancouver, B. C., spent many years and thousands of dollars on violin lessons for Nick and Jerry. They hoped their boys would some day become world-famous classical musicians.

Their father had learned the art of violin-making in Vienna. When the family travelled to the "new world" and settled in Vancouver, the father became a logger, until an accident caused him to lose his eye-sight. He returned to something he knew and loved: the art of making these delicate instruments of delight. It was natural that the father, who made violins for such renowned artists as Jascha Heifitz, would teach his sons the meticulous mastery of the profession and encourage them to study the violin.

Soon after these lessons began, Nick and Jerry Kozak became the youngest Tag Team on record. Vancouver was a rough town and when the Kozak boys came walking down the streets, their black violin cases under their arms, on their way to take lessons, the bullies would gang up on them, teasing and ridiculing. They'd get "tagged" and then they'd team-up. Nick and Jerry fought back like little tigers, and were never defeated as a pair. The young ruffians of the town soon learned that



*Daily training in the gym is a vital part of the Kozak way of life. In this exercise Nick supports his brother's full weight with his neck and arms.*

*Nick saddles up a mount on a ranch near Houston. Says Nick, "There is nothing more relaxing than to ride across a wide open range with nothing but your horse to keep you company."*

*Jerry rubs sun tan oil on wife Edie as they prepare to spend a relaxing day at the pool. "We never let business interfere with the pleasures of our private lives," says Jerry.*

*Jerry and Edie leave their Houston home for the wrestling arena. When they arrive, Jerry will be swarmed by idolizing fans, and Edie will gracefully disappear into the crowd.*

the only way to whip a Kozak was to find one alone, a discovery that many tag team wrestlers have found still holds true.

As they grew older they learned that they had been blessed with unusual athletic ability and they went all-out to develop these traits. Jerry became an accomplished gymnast, performing all through high school on the high bar and flying rings, two dangerous pieces of equipment. He entered the British Columbia nationwide amateur tournament and won a medal, a plaque and a certificate for his performances.

Weight-lifting became Nick's specialty and it improved his build so that he won two major physique titles in 1954: "Mr. British Columbia YMCA" and "Mr. British Columbia." He modeled clothing and bathing suits and posed for statues in a Canadian art academy.

However, this was no way of making a living and with Poppa Kozak blind, the boys went into the logging camps to support the family. It was there that they felt at their best, where their brute strength showed to good advantage. The old loggers of the wooded Northwest liked the spunk and the spirit of the boys, their willingness to tackle any job.

They started as chokermen and worked their way right through a variety of jobs. They were teamed as rigging slingers, chasers, second loaders and then head loaders. It was tough and hard, but they stayed with the most experienced men, the grizzled veterans of the camps. "We sure are thankful for that background," Nick tells you, "it taught us plenty and the value of keeping in shape. In between we lifted weights fashioned out of logs and manhandled logs all over the area. It gave us a lot of power — and that power is now paying off in wrestling."

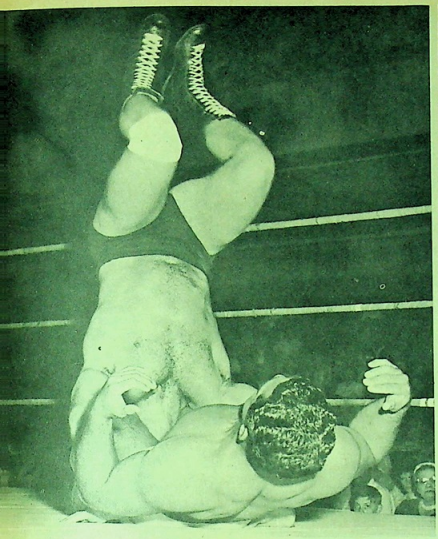
When the time allowed, Nick went in for amateur wrestling and, weighing 150 pounds, easily won the Vancouver City championship and both the junior and senior championships in the British Columbia tournament. In 1956 he wrestled his way into the finals of the British Empire Games. As his size increased, he moved up into the 175-pound class.

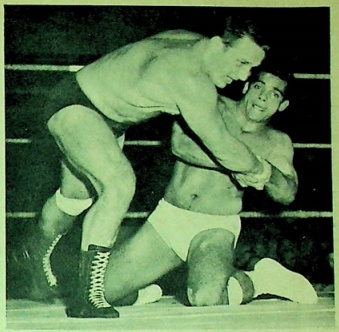
They've come a far way in the sport since those amateur days. Nick has won the Pacific Northwest championship (Portland, Ore.) in 1954 and 1958; the Hollywood (Calif.) City championship in 1958; and the Senior Texas Heavyweight championship in 1959. The younger Jerry won the Northwest Junior Heavyweight title in 1959, the junior Texas Heavyweight crown in 1959 and the Southwest Junior Heavyweight championship in 1960.

The Kozak Brothers held the Texas Tag Team championship and copped the Southern Tag Team title from the Masked Medics in Mobile.

Their unusual strength and agility, founded on early catgut com-

(*continued on page 52*)

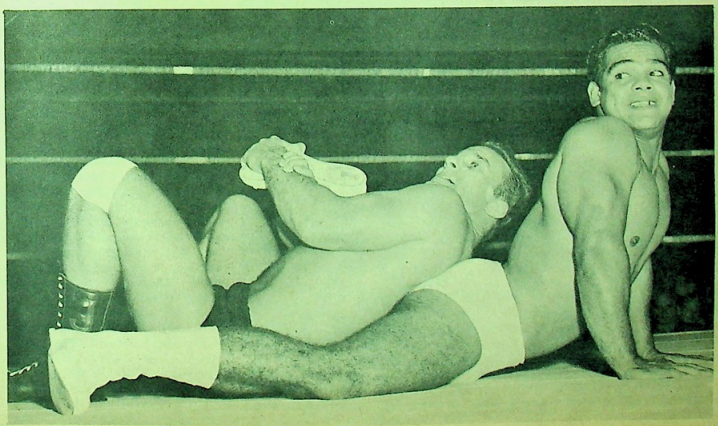


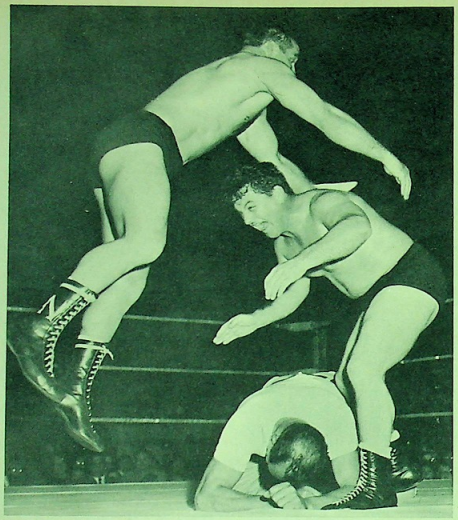


*Above: Mario Marino, a handsome, beautifully-built newcomer, flings Jerry Kozak to mat with swinging armlock.*

*Left: Marino locked Jerry in this head scissors, but the very agile Kozak easily whipped free with an acrobatic maneuver. Jerry admits that his acrobatic training has pulled him out of many a tight spot in the wrestling ring.*

*Below: Jerry puts pressure on leglock as Mario Marino looks helplessly over his shoulder trying to figure a way out. Jerry held the hold for about three minutes.*





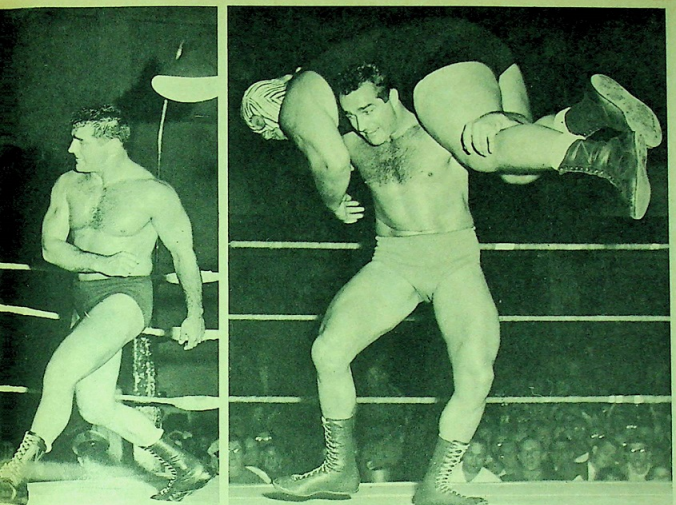
*Referee Otto Koos ducks out of danger as Nick Kozak leaps into the air to get at his foe, a wrestler called "The Colonel." Seconds after this picture was taken the Colonel was pinned.*

*Ciclon Negro squirms in agony as Nick puts his weight behind combination leglock and toe hold. Negro limped through the remainder of the match, which Nick won.*

petition and developed in the logging camps, has kept the Kozaks a hard combination to beat and has helped them considerably from being injured to any great extent. They have had a few mishaps, but far fewer than most wrestlers. Dangerous Kurt Von Popenheim broke Jerry's right elbow in a Portland, Ore., match and Eric Pederson broke his right ankle. Nick has suffered only the usual twisted joints and bruised muscles.

The toughest opponent they ever grappled? Jerry without hesitating says that it was the Giant Mormon Don Leo Jonathan, all 300 pounds and 6 feet 5 inches of him.

Jerry is a fireball combination of good solid wrestling training and aerial acrobatics that makes him a dangerous foe and a pleasing grappler. "I want fans to think



*Nick had no trouble at all executing an airplane spin on the 350-pound Zebra Kid. This sensational bout went to a draw although the Kid was out on his feet at the end.*

*Nick Kozak sends Ciclon Negro over the top rope and out of the ring as the action reached the boiling point in Houston, Texas, bout.*

of me as a wrestler first," he says, "a wrestler who knows acrobatics; I don't want them to think of me as an acrobat turned wrestler." This 218 pounds of dynamite goes on to explain, "I try to tie my acrobatics into wrestling only to confuse my opponents and it also helps me to get out of some tight spots."

The brothers work well together. They have developed some wrestling holds which can mangle their opponents, such as the airplane spin, the high mare kick, the reverse mare, the sunset flip, the spinning toe hold, the drop kick and the knee stomp.

Jerry, the younger by three years, idolizes his older brother. "Having Nick as a brother is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," admits Jerry. "He has helped me ever since I can remember and he spent more time teaching me than he did on his own career. We have competed against each other at everything and we are always out to win. But when it is over we train together and iron out each other's mistakes.

Jerry's No. 1 fan is his wife Edie, a lovely honey-blonde professional dancer from San Antonio. They met in 1959 and were soon married, in a ring at Houston, with some 6,000 delighted fans looking on.

"It's wonderful being married to Jerry and I am proud of him," says Edie exuberantly. "We enjoy life together travelling and when we can we go hunting, fishing and golfing. Our biggest enjoyment, however, is horses. We hope some day to have a ranch and raise quarter-horses."

Unmarried Nick also would like to retire to a ranch some day, and raise Morgan horses. "I love that outdoor western life," he says beating his hairy chest with his fists. The brothers are so gone on the cowboy craze that they are invariably seen wearing western clothes and, being excellent horsemen, they ride every opportunity they get.

It has only been a few years since the Kozak Brothers made their debut but they are extremely popular. They've got many good years of wrestling ahead of them and they travel far and wide (and quite handsomely, too) in their profession. Always, though, they are on the look-out for good cattle country in which they can invest.

When they quit the game, they are still going to continue to wrestle. But they will be wrestling steers. As a team. ●

# DEAN HIGUCHI'S STRANGE CRUSADE

**WHEN THE JAPANESE,** building a powerful fleet and a mighty army some twenty five years ago, were planning an invasion of America they never thought it would come to this.

On the West Coast of the U.S. recently there landed a big-muscled Oriental, a Nisei grappler by way of the Hawaiian Islands. He had one avowed purpose in mind.

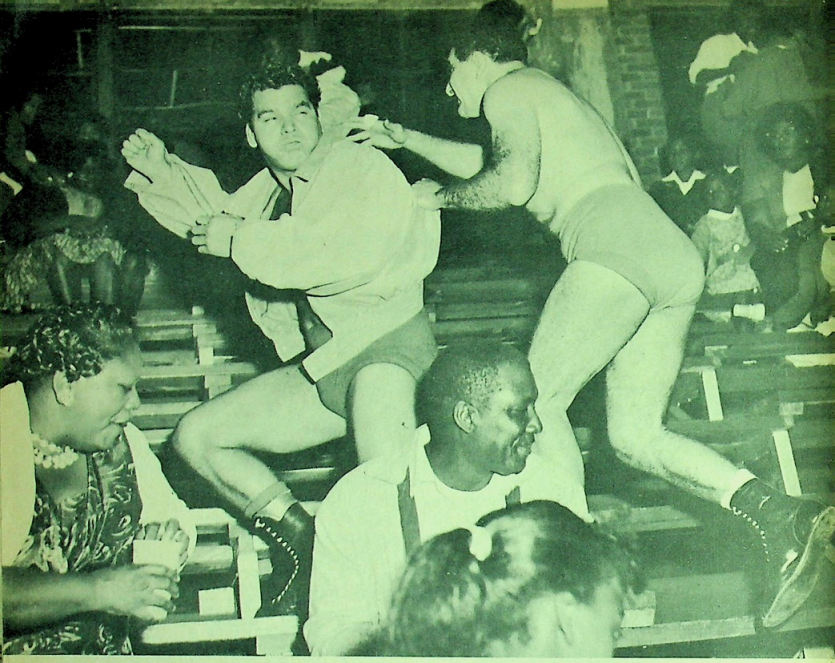
"I am here to declare war on bad Japs," said 240-pound Dean Higuchi when he landed in California. "I want the meanest, cruelest, biggest ones — and I'm going to rip them apart. I've trained hard and faithfully for the day when I could come here for this crusade. I wrestle clean and I want to prove that my kind can always beat the dirty wrestler — especially if they are Japanese."

The athletic Mr. Higuchi, gym owner in Honolulu, holds a host of physique titles. In 1955 he was Mr. Hawaiian Islands. The following year, in addition to recapturing that title, he was also Mr. Honolulu, Mr. Hawaii and runner-up for the Mr. America title. One look at him and you know he is an advocate of the body beautiful.

It was shortly after competing in these contests that Higuchi turned his attention to wrestling. Edmund Francis, the Hawaiian promoter, discovered him. And Dick Beyer and George Drake helped train him. Dean has shown tremendous potential and the development and stamina to make him a standout wrestler.

A rugged outdoor life in the Islands, where a pair of bathing trunks is considered formal attire, made him excel in any sport he tried. He has won championships in surfing, swimming, water skiing and was a football all-star in college.

But wrestling is what he really took to. Now he takes after "bad" Japs. Look out, Mr. Moto! •



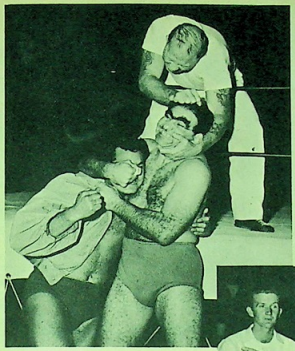
# Nobody Wrecks a Jo

***Bull is not a big man, as wrestlers go, but what he lacks***

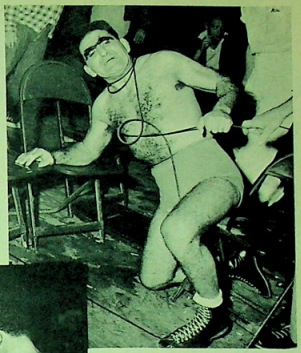
IT IS THE YEAR 2962. A thousand years of history have passed. World Wars III and IV have come and gone — and the earth is dying. The sun shines dimly behind a vast curtain of fallout haze, and only two people are left alive to see it. They're Texans, naturally, and as they stand on a level plain in Texas they see around them only the ruins of a great civilization. All the cities are heaps of rubble and across the landscape is only wreckage and devastation.

One Texan looks at the grim sight and clutches his throat. With his dying breath, he says, "Man, things sure have gone to hell around here, haven't they?"

And the other, his vision growing dim,



*Above: Even before bout officially began, Bull, right, was clawing away at Alberto Torres' face while referee Marvin Jones tried to stop him.*



*Above: When they finally tore him off Torres, Curry became involved with the microphone cord and almost strangled himself.*

*Left: Astonished Alberto Torres, before he had a chance to remove his jacket, was chased through the crowd by Bull. Bout took place in Angleton, Texas.*

*Left: Not even the promoter is safe when Bull is on the loose. When Angleton promoter Sam Green ordered Curry to quiet down, Bull grabbed him and ripped his shirt.*

# ...int like CURRY

## ...n size he more than makes up in uncontrolled savagery and brutality

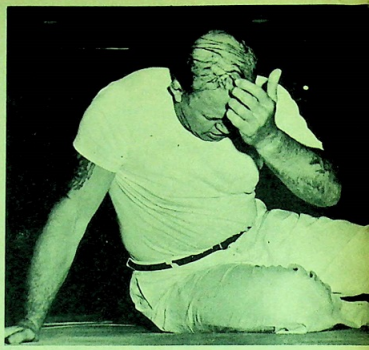
gasps the last words to be spoken by mankind: "Yeah — they say it looked a lot like this the night, a thousand years ago, when Bull Curry wrestled the Torres Brothers in Angleton. Arrgh!"

It was that kind of night. And, when Bull Curry is wrestling, it usually is. Other wrestlers tend to be satisfied with wrecking one another, or maybe the referee; sometimes they'll get real sore and bust a chair or mess up the arena floor with a jigger or two of blood. But not Curry. When he gets annoyed — which is his normal state — he proceeds not only to wreck his opponents, the referee and half the fans in the front rows, he like-

*(continued on next page)*

wise wrecks the entire joint!

He hurls chairs about indiscriminately — along with typewriters, press tables, broadcasting booths, sections of the ring and assorted human beings! He is, in short, an animated vial of distilled hatred, venom, vengeance and outright murder. Also, he



*Referee Marvin Jones drew the unlucky assignment to officiate the Curry-Torres match. Here he tries to clear his head after*

*The microphone cord played an important part in the furious Curry-Torres match. Here Alberto wraps it around Bull's neck.*

*An unlucky spectator happened to get in Curry's way when Torres hammered Bull out of the ring. Being just as inconsiderate of*

*Curry, who proudly brags that he has busted more chairs than any wrestler in history, gets ready to heave still another one into space.*

dislikes Mexicans — which is partly why, on that night in Angleton, Texas, he created such a disturbance that seismographic recordings were made as far away as the University of Southern California.

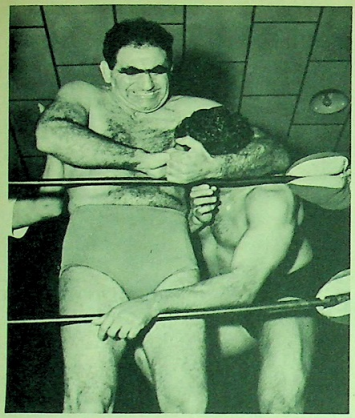
Knowing this, promotor Sam Green

*(text continued page 60)*

*getting in the way of one of Curry's wild overhand rights.*

*the public as he is of his opponents, Bull "accidently" kicked the man's leg.*

*When Curry picked up a fully-loaded trash can and got set to throw it, everybody in the arena dashed for cover. "It was like an A-Bomb was about to go off," said one spectator.*



*Curry grunts and groans as he puts maximum pressure behind headlock on Torres. Referee made him break the hold when the stricken Alberto managed to fall against the ropes.*

*Unable to stand by while his brother was being slaughtered, Ramon Torres dashed into the ring to help. This, of course, automatically disqualified Alberto and gave Bull the victory.*

decided to give his customers their money's worth when Curry came to town. He matched the Bull with the Torres Brothers, Alberto and Ramon. It was a mistake.

He was to have wrestled them one at a time — Alberto first. However, when Bull started to use palpably foul tactics — as usual — on the helpless Alberto, Ramon rushed into the ring and tried to help his stricken brother. As a result, Alberto was disqualified and the victory went to Curry.

Was Curry happy? No. This wasn't the way he wanted to win. He got so mad at Ramon that he chased him up into the audience, tearing and biting at his heels as he ran. And woe betide the hapless spectators who got in the way. Curry gave them a working over too. Then, when police and other wrestlers interfered, Curry really blew his stack! He threw people around like sacks of grain; he tossed Ramon onto a pile of bruised bodies and then heaped empty chairs onto them. For a minute he looked around for a can of gasoline and a match — thinking to light the whole works and create the greatest funeral pyre since Joan of Arc.

He even went so far as to rough up promotor Green when the latter tried to calm him down. And that's sure death to any wrestler, since the person of the promotor is pretty sacred. But Sam understood he had an incorrigible maniac on his hands — one who drew more fans than any handful of sane wrestlers. So he was lenient. He simply said, "Take your hands off me or I'll have you shot!"

For some reason, this mollified the Bull. Grudgingly, hurling imprecations and muffled curses over his shoulder, Curry departed the arena. Behind him he left a wake of wreckage, torn flesh and shattered nerves. The crowd, at first bent on lynching him, had thought over — it would have been an unfair advantage for them all to attack Curry.

There were only two thousand of them.

And that's how it was, that time in Angleton when Bull Curry went berserk. They'll still be talking about it on the last day of mankind. •

**He has the physique she can't resist – Do You?**

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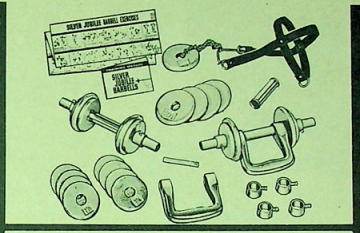


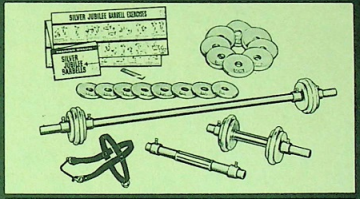


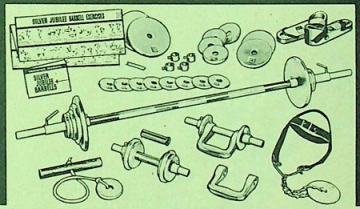


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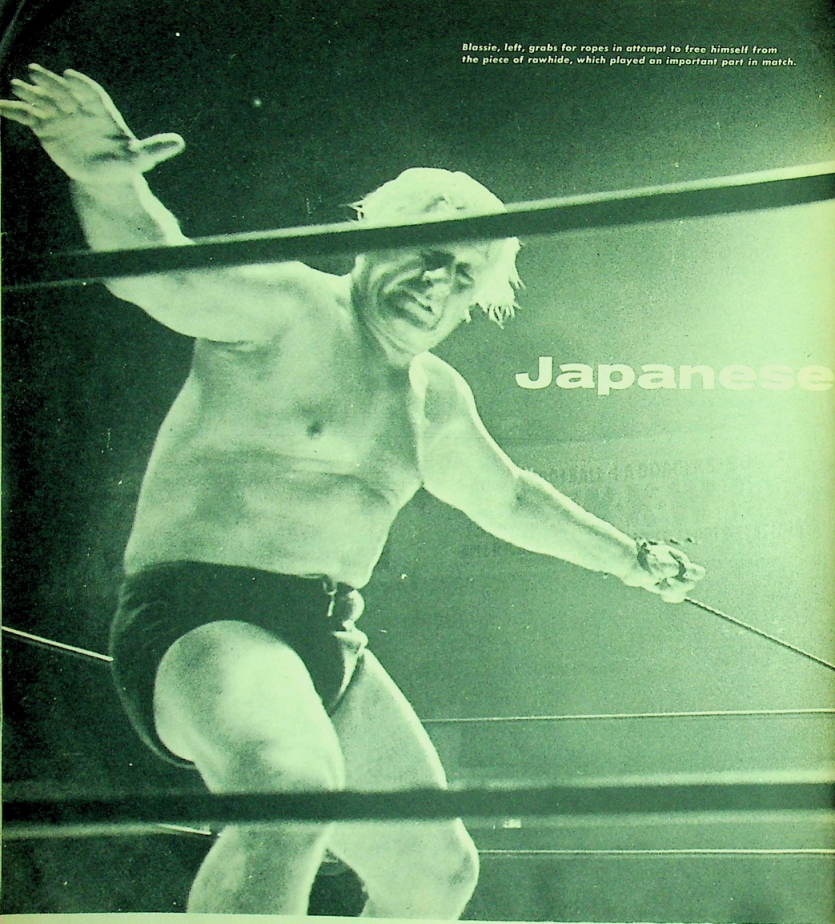
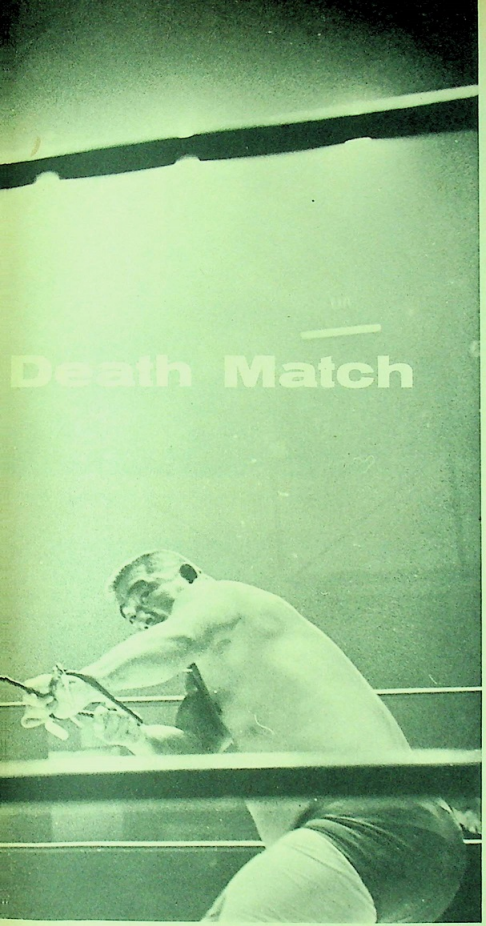



Blassie, left, grabs for ropes in attempt to free himself from the piece of rawhide, which played an important part in match.

*When Mr. Moto challenged his former partner, Fred Blassie, to a "Death*




BY AL TAYLOR

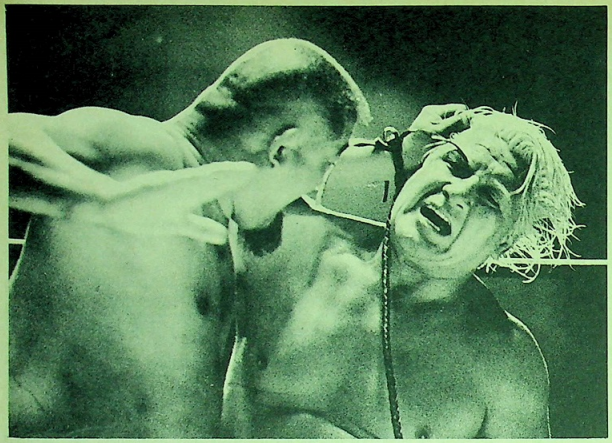
**FRED BLASSIE,** his blond locks completely disarranged, stuck his head through the ropes at Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium. An elderly, bespectacled chap – well into his eighties – was challenging him from his second row seat. And what's more with cane and fist. "What's a matter foureyes?" Blassie tersely responded, shaking both fists in retaliation. "I won, didn't I? I'm still the champ and don't you ever forget it."

For Freddie Blassie, this was the accepted pattern of life. His wrestling life. But on this particular occasion, he had hoped the trend might change. Even for a few moments. He had just beaten Mr. Moto – his former tag-team partner. And for that matter, it was his second straight victory over the Japanese tiger. But more important than the victory itself was the fact the blond bomber had won on Moto's terms.

Mr. Moto's terms were for a "Japanese Death Match," which Blassie had never heard of before. At least not until Moto blandly challenged him after losing their first match, American style, about two weeks earlier. Fred couldn't refuse.

Blassie didn't realize what he was getting himself into. He didn't have the time to properly educate himself to Death Match rules. But he learned quickly. As soon as referee Mike Ruby and former great wrestler Sandor Szabo moved to the center of the ring with a two-foot long piece of rawhide. That was Blassie's rude introduction to Mr. Moto's style of wrestling. Shocked and somewhat befuddled, Blassie tearfully allowed the officials to tie his right hand to Mr. Moto's left with only a small section of rawhide between them. And what's more no falls would count if the pair happened to go their separate ways. *(continued)*

***Match", Fred had no idea what he was letting himself in for.***



*Their wrists bound together by length of rawhide, Moto holds Blassie's hair and delivers Judo blow.*

*Tricky Freddie turns*

It was obvious at the start that Moto enjoyed the lopsided advantage. Like Goliath thought he had over David. In fact, Moto knew his position only too well. He stood in the center of the ring and laughed loudly each time Blassie tried to pull himself into the ropes. His favorite hiding place. Moto just stood fast; grinning from ear to ear. Several gyrations later, however, Moto unfurled some fancy maneuvers and Blassie was tied like a bull just caught by a rodeo cowboy. Fred was forced to surrender the first fall.

Before Blassie allowed the officials to tie him up again, he did some serious introspection. He even did some serious pleading to the officials as well as to the audience. Some agreed; most didn't. But this stalling tactic was actually a part of Fred's strategy. It gave him the time he needed to solve the strange mystery of how to cope with this strange Japanese style of wrestling.

Furious to the boiling point, Blassie started the second part of the match quickly, taking the advantage from Moto who was caught by surprise. He figured this would be an easy match. The first fall indicated as much. Within minutes, Blassie was in complete control. And by the time he dropped his knee into his opponent's neck for the 13th time, it was obvious why he was king and master. Moto never regained his composure. In the third fall, he resorted to Karate. A means of desperation. Blassie, meanwhile, resorted to flying drop kicks and the contest was over with the familiar body press.

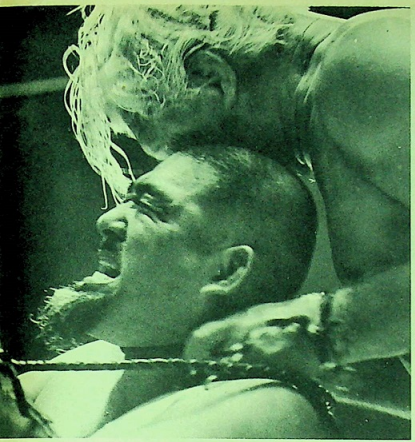
Moto still wasn't convinced. He again challenged Blassie and Freddie accepted, but this time he was calling the shots. He figured two straight wins put him in the driver's seat. And it did. He accepted the offer, but on his own terms.

Exactly 24 hours later, the same two met again. This time there were no handcuffs to contend with. It was just good old American rough house rules. Anything goes. But the shrewd Blassie added one stipulation for the third bout in Long Beach, Calif. bout: The loser must leave the state.

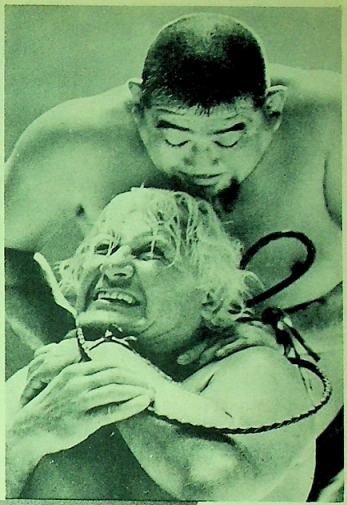
Today, Mr. Moto is on an extended tour outside the state of California.

"I got plenty of self satisfaction out of those matches," smiles the barrel-chested Blassie while relaxing in his comfortable beach side home. "I can beat anyone, especially those so-called great wrestlers."

"That Moto got some nerve. We were partners at one time. You know we held the International Tag Team championship. But he accused me of double crossing him. We were wrestling Rocca and Ricki Starr one night and I accidently hit Moto when Rocca ducked in our corner. That started it. Then he has the nerve to accuse me of illegal tactics in a match with Cowboy Dick Hutton. Then with Sailor Art Thomas. Some nerve. But I guess I showed Moto a thing or two about wrestling. I can beat anyone. Let Carpentier come back. I welcome him back. Then I can prove to the people who the best is and who the real champion is. ●



*tthe rawhide against Moto by using it as a hangman's noose.*



*Moto looks like a monster from outer space as he probes for the delicate nerves in Blassie's neck that, when pressure is applied on them, will render Fred unconscious.*

*With the rawhide still binding them together, Blassie and Moto grimace after exchanging blows.*

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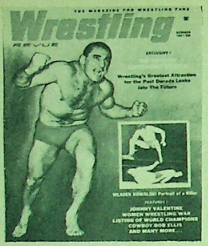


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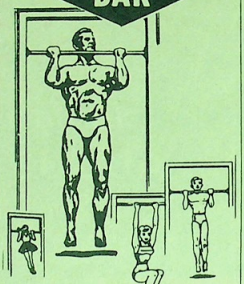

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# BRUNO

*(continued from page 27)*

It was promoter Toots Mondt who, hearing about Bruno from an unbelieving wrestler, turned the Sammartino power into money. He watched young Bruno work with the wrestler in the gymnasium. He saw the wrestler, a seasoned pro, get Bruno into a dozen holds; he saw Bruno break them with ridiculous ease.

He saw the turnstiles at Madison Square Garden clicking madly as thousands of people poured in to see his new find. And Bruno didn't disappoint his backers. He has been wrestling about two years, for money – lots of money – and he has seldom been beaten. "If he ever learns to wrestle," says Mondt happily, "chances are he'll **never** be beaten!"

His fellow wrestlers hope that Bruno never learns. "It's bad enough wrestling him as it is," exclaims one prominent veteran who tried it twice. "I had to be so vicious both times that I was disqualified. Otherwise I'd have lost for sure."

Sammartino's proudest accomplishment is not surprising. He is the only man – so far as we know – ever to lift the 641-pound Haystacks Calhoun off his feet. Bruno somehow got his arms around the ponderous bulk of the good-natured Calhoun, locked his fingers – and hoisted. As if in the jaws of a steam shovel, up went Calhoun – and the huge audience, hardly believing their eyes, cheered themselves hoarse. Bruno later won the match – one of the very few men ever to defeat Haystacks.

Around New York, Sammartino is among the most popular of all wrestlers. Via television and an occasional tour, he is becoming better known afar. With his physical equipment and charm, as he moves ever westward, the young Italian war hero is destined to become an American wrestling hero – across the land.

Of him, we can truly say: He may never lose another bout.

But – if and when he is beaten, we would like to meet the man who does it. We want to make sure he's on our side if the cold war ever does get hot! ●

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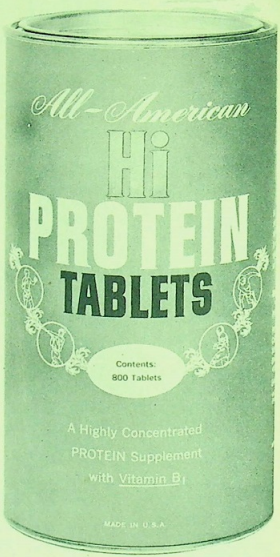


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# COMPLETE HOME GYM

**was tailor made just for you.**

***Here is what you get***

**1—BARBELL.** This adjustable attachment enables you to perform lifting exercises which will duplicate the results of heavy, clumsy barbells.

**2—WALL PULLEYS.** With this ingenious part of the COMPLETE HOME GYM, you can perform any wall pully exercise . . . wonderful for conditioning the chest and back.

**3—HAND GRIPS.** To increase the power of the hand, wrist and arm.

**4—CABLE CHEST PULL.** A supplement to the wall pully, this device will build, with remarkable speed, the whole upper body.

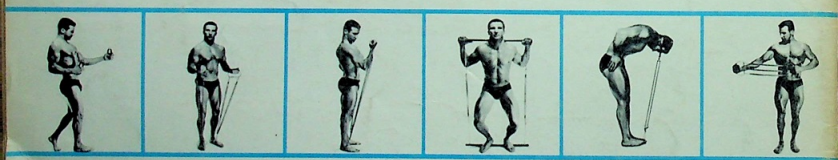
**5—ROWING MACHINE ATTACHMENT.** Here is an outstanding feature of this set, one that will keep you feeling young and vigorous. In itself it is worth the price of the entire HOME GYM.

**6—FOOT STIRRUPS.** For an endless variety of arm and leg exercises.

**7—HEAD STRAP.** Your vital neck muscles spring alive through the use of this clever attachment.

**8—SKIP ROPE.** An old standby of all athletes for building speed and coordination of the legs and wrists.

The whole family, mother, daughter, father and son will enjoy hours of fun and relaxation, but most important of all, find new, undreamed of strength and vitality by exercising with this COMPLETE HOME GYM. You can easily and quickly build the kind of body you've always wanted without spending a fortune at a Health Club or gymnasium. What the health clubs and elaborate body building mail order courses claim they can do for you, you can do for yourself right in your own home and for a price you can afford.



***DEVELOPS ALL PARTS OF THE BODY . . . FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY***

**ORDER NOW — ONLY $14 *POSTPAID***

Better Health Institute, Dept. BB-2
31 Union Square, West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

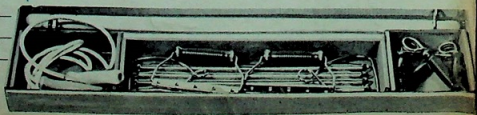
Please rush me your COMPLETE HOME GYM. I enclose $14 as payment in full.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

*Offer good in U.S. & Canada. For delivery in all other countries add $3.00 for shipping costs. No C.O.D. orders accepted. For quickest delivery make payment with money order.*

PERFECT FOR BEGINNERS—The COMPLETE HOME GYM is based on the theory of adjustable tension. This means that you adjust the amount of tension by either increasing or decreasing the number of springs on the exercisers. As you progress in your training your strength increases and therefore you require greater resistance. Thus even the youngest child can benefit from the HOME GYM.

Simply follow the instructions, a few hours each week, then marvel at the result as thousands of others have done before you.